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W. Bromscombe's 1908

Northern Messenger

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What a Wrong Thought Led To.

It was one a king had. The king's name was Ahab. He had two grand houses to live in. Close to one of his houses was a beautiful vineyard. King Ahab wished it was his. But it was owned by a man whose name was Naboth. The king asked Naboth to sell it to him. Naboth did not want to sell it, however, for his father gave it to him, and he

loved the place, and of course he had a right to keep it.

But the king was angry. The more he thought of it, the more he wanted Naboth's vineyard. Ahab had a great many beautiful things; but people who do not love God are never satisfied; they keep wishing for things, and because they cannot get them, they are unhappy. Ahab went home and would not eat, nor did anything please him. The Queen saw something fretted him, and asked what the matter was.

'I wanted to buy Naboth's vineyard, and he would not sell it to me,' said Ahab.

'Never mind,' said his proud and wicked queen; 'eat and drink, and I will give you the vineyard.'

What did she do? She laid a plan to have Naboth killed; and she carried out her plan. She got people to stone him to death, and the dogs licked up his blood. Then she said to Ahab, 'Go and take Naboth's vineyard, for he is dead;' and Ahab went and took it for his garden.

God saw what was done; and do you not think God was displeased? He told Elijah to go to Ahab and tell him that the dogs would one day lick up his blood, and that the dogs would one day eat up the body of his wicked queen. Elijah met him and told him the message. He was sorry, not because he had offended God, for he did not love God; he was sorry for the punishment.

Did it come to pass? Yes, for God does what He says He will. All He says must come true. A long while after this Ahab went into battle. He rode in his chariot. A man shot an arrow into the chariot and wounded him. As they were driving him home he died, and the chariot was besmeared with his blood. The servants took it to some water to wash, and the dogs came and licked the blood.

You see what the wrong thought was. It was wishing and fretting for things which God had not given him. That is coveting. God says, 'Thou shalt not covet,' but nowadays, as in times gone by, the command is often disobeyed. Nevertheless, it remains God's command, and we should do well to pray God to take away from us all thoughts of what is forbidden, and 'lead us not into temptation.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Retouched Picture.

Bishop Thoburn tells a beautiful story about a picture of his dead child. It seemed a very imperfect photograph, so blurred that scarcely a trace of the loved features could be seen in it. But one day he took the picture to a photographer and asked him if he could do anything to improve it. In three weeks the Bishop returned, and, as he saw the picture in its frame on the wall, he was startled. It seemed as if his child was living again before him. The image had been in the old picture, but was concealed beneath the blurs and mists which were there also. The artist, however, had brought it out in strong, living beauty, until it was like life in its tender charm.

In every true disciple of Christ there is the image of the Master. It may be very dim; its features are overlaid by blurs and blemishes, and are almost unrecognizable by human eyes. It is the work of Christ in our lives to bring out this likeness more and more clearly, until at last it shines in undimmed beauty. This is what Christ is doing in many of His ways with us.

'Who from unsightly bulb or slender root
Could guess aright
The story of the flower, the fern, the fruit,
In summer's height?
Through tremulous shadows voices call to me,
"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."'

—J. R. Miller, D.D.

The Bible.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless, but nevertheless it is invaluable for its wise and wholesome counsel to the race of Adam:

A nation would be truly happy if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book.

It contains everything needful to be known or done.

It gives instruction to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of his household, and the wife as mistress of the table—tells him how to rule, and her how to manage.

It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience on children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor and servant to obey, and promises the blessings and the protection of the Almighty to all that walk by this rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow is to trust—and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails rights of the first born, and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, over-reacher, and trespasser.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the choicest matter; gives the best instruction, affords the greatest degree of pleasure and satisfaction that we have ever enjoyed.

It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that were ever penned; and

wisdom that condemns folly and makes the foolish wise, a book of truth that detects all lies and confronts all errors, and it is a book of life that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities and strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, the human tribes, and the devilish legions.

It will instruct the accomplished mechanic and most profound critic.

It teaches the best rhetorician, and exercises every power of the most skilful arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist and exercises the wisest critic.

It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best that ever will be signed.

It brings the very best comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It is a brief recital of all that is to come.

It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him, and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them and all that trust in such.

Our Work in Labrador Grows

A Larger Launch Needed Already, so let us all Build Together.

We have all been so intensely interested in the work done by Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, and more especially in the work at Harrington, which he has given us the pleasure of helping with, that we hardly require to be told of its needs. The boys are feeding and keeping the dogs that do the work in the winter; the cots which Miss Mayon has charge of are arranged for and we have paid for the Maintenance of our Launch the 'Northern Messenger,' which has all summer been Dr. Hare's only means of getting to his patients and the needy ones who must be helped up and down the coast from Harrington Island, where our hospital is.

Now we find that the work needs a larger and better launch. We want Dr. Hare to be able to go faster and further to those who need him, and not only that, but we want him to have a cabin in which he can put those who are too seriously ill to be left in their cheerless poverty-stricken homes and carry them safely to the hospital.

Now, don't think for an instant that our little launch has not done brave work. She certainly has, and Mr. Cushing, who, from love of the work, ran her last year and this summer, has no words strong enough to praise her behavior in the heavy seas, her reliable little engine, and her staunch timbers. She is, however, not fast enough and is too small for the work.

Last summer she took Dr. Hare, Mr. Cushing and the boy on one trip of about four hundred and fifty miles, but it was a perilous voyage. All up and down that coast there are islands and rocky points, treacherous reefs and rushing currents in narrow passages. There are no good maps, no charts to show where the danger is even in the few fine weeks of their summer and in the long weeks of spring and fall the ice and fog and storms make it a terrible coast to navigate.

Our little launch, whether the weather is good or bad, has no choice but to creep along in behind the islands or close to them, adding greatly to the danger of being wrecked. If we had a larger boat she could stand out from shore into clear, deep water until the fog or storm blew over. Then in very heavy weather the great waves sweep right over our little boat's deck. Mr. Cushing has put up planking on the bow to keep her from being swamped, but even that does not make her dry.

When three are aboard her two sleep on the narrow bunks in the low gallery, and the third on the floor between.

When patients are brought on board the crew must remain outside, which is not without danger as well as real hardship in that cold air, with the water washing over the deck.

Now the question is what can we do?

We have even with this little launch enabled Dr. Hare to carry healing and food to many who would have suffered unaided, but for our efforts. Let us stand by to enable him to do still more.

The Deep Sea Mission have need of just such a launch as our little 'Northern Messenger' for one of their more sheltered stations, and they will credit us with the thousand dollars we spent in building her.

Then we have gathered during this year not only the $300 necessary for the expenses of the launch, but $800 in addition. So we have $1,800 to start with if we buy or build a large launch. We can keep our name of 'Northern Messenger,' transferring it to the new launch. Why not do it at once?

Why not have it ready for next summer's work?

Every week now you may watch this page for accounts of Dr. Grenfell's work with the 'Strathcona.' It is just such work Dr. Hare is doing, and would do more of with the larger boat.

Here is a picture of the type of boat we want, if possible, to build, and we can do it if we each buy a share in her.

'Plant trees, they will grow while you sleep,' the writer was told by the old folk, and as the impression on the childish mind was so strong that the first thought in the early morning was often, 'Oh, dear, all that long night lost, for I had nothing growing.' Will we not wake with sweeter thoughts and go about our daily task and daily pleasures with fresh zest and a new interest in life, if while we do so our 'Messenger' is carrying help to the helpless and our share in Christ's work is growing and blossoming and bearing good fruit in the far north land.

Let us keep the Christmas spirit and begin our New Year by generous self-denial that will enable us to send our new 'Northern Messenger' up to the North in the coming spring laden with the good will and healing for the people to whom her coming will bring the knowledge of the love of Christ through their appreciation of our gift to them.

Religious Notes.

Mr. Ishii for eighteen years has conducted a Home for Orphan and Destitute Children at Okayama. This year it has had to be enlarged on account of the famine in the northern part of the country. Mr. Ishii visited that region and advertised his willingness to receive any destitute children that might be sent to the Okayama Orphanage, with the result that in less than two months 825 children were added to the 375 that were already there. 'It is one of the great transformations of the times, and is a work in which the world may well take an interest. Simple-minded, non-Christian Japanese peasants passing by the children's cottages throw over the fence one-yen or even five-yen bills, calling out to the house-mothers, "Here's a trifle to help your good work."'—'Missionary Herald.'

Professor Ladd, now in Korea, a warm friend of Japan, has spoken with great plainness of her need of a higher commercial morality, and prominent leaders in the business world are using their influence in favor of higher ethical standards. It is interesting to read such a statement as the following in one of the great dailies:

'As individuals many Japanese are dishonest, but as a nation the people are over-honest. On the contrary, Europeans are comparatively honest as individuals, but as nations they are cunning and crafty. If our people desire to be victors in the international struggle they have much to learn from the Europeans.'

China's thirst for knowledge is indicated by the business done at the Commercial Press of Shanghai. There are eleven branch houses of this press in different parts of China, and this year two more are to be opened. It carries on 70 per cent. of the book trade of China—that is, trade in modern books. Last year it did 450,000 taels' worth of business ($300,000), not including 400,000 taels more transacted by branch houses. The following statement of the sale of modern readers in Chinese during 1906 is interesting: National readers, 280,000; elementary, 110,000; primary geography, 73,000; historical readers, 63,000. Most of these were sold to native modern schools and not to the mission schools.

Acknowledgments.

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Total.. .. .. .

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1908.

Jesus and John the Baptist.

John i., 25-34. Memory verses 29, 30. Read John i., 19-34.

Golden Text.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John i., 29.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 6.—John i., 19-34.
Tuesday, January 7.—Luke i., 5-20.
Wednesday, January 8.—Luke i., 59-80.
Thursday, January 9.—Matt. iii., 1-17.
Friday, January 10.—Matt. xi., 1-19.
Saturday, January 11.—Isa. xl., 1-17.
Sunday, January 12.—Mal. iv., 1-16.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Can any of you tell me what it means when our golden text speaks of 'the lamb of God' and to whom it referred? Yes, it is Jesus of whom the text speaks, and we have to look back into the Old Testament to see why He is called 'the Lamb of God.' (Speak of the old temple service about which they should remember something from last year's lessons.) So now we see that all these many years the Jewish people had been sacrificing animals for their sins as a prophecy of the coming of Christ to die for the sins of everybody in the world. They did not know this and, as we learnt in our last lesson, they did not know Jesus when he came. So who was it that found this out and knew Jesus when He came? It was John the Baptist, and he was such a wonderful man that Jesus himself said that no man had ever been greater. (Pass in quick review something of the birth of John and his life in the wilderness.) Now John was a grown up man, over thirty years old, and all that time he had been looking forward to Christ's coming, and lately had been telling the people about it. God had been teaching him and John was very ready to learn.

Pass over as thoroughly as possible, not giving this too much time, John's popularity, how he met Christ first at his baptism, and how in this lesson he is willing to lose his own popularity if the people will only turn to Christ, then come back to the main thought that lies in the golden text.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This lesson is no whit behind last Sunday's for its interest and abundance of material for study. It is as though the Apostle John had so much to say that he could do little more than touch on the channels of thought that branched from his main theme. That, however, is never neglected. He is summoning together the witnesses to Christ and the truth of his claim, and never forgets his purpose (John xx., 31). The class of man John the Baptist was and the immense hold his rugged power had taken on the people had been set forth by the other gospels (Luke xx., 6). To John he was 'a man sent from God,' and St. John had been one of his disciples. A study of John the Baptist and his personality is tempting, but cannot be entered into deeply. Enough must be said, however, to understand the value of this important witness to our Lord. The personal evidence of all Christ's disciples was brought forward in the last lesson (verse 14), to-day it is the evidence of one man. The lesson offers for study the question of Old Testament prophecy, how far it was understood, in what it was misunderstood, and how John the Baptist received the clearer light. Doubtless hearing from his parents the message given at his birth (Luke i.), and feeling the power of God upon him he had chosen to go into solitude and there study the Holy Scriptures for light. Absolutely fearless he was ready when God gave the word. The origin and the rite of baptism, its meaning and value, the gift and visible descent of the Holy Spirit, why in Christ's case it was necessary seeing he was the Son of God himself, the manifestation at this time in the form of a dove, when later tongues of flame (Acts ii., 3) were used to express His power, the difference between John's and the Christian Baptism, the meaning of baptism 'with' or 'in the Holy Spirit' as the Revised Version reads—what an impossibility to cover all possible lines of study in this lesson. The teacher must choose those best suited to his class.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

To be the first to recognize a dawning superiority in some one who stands near us is not only to give our own nature a beautiful and worthy expression, but to share in the development of a new and inspiring gift. The power of appreciation is itself a beautiful gift, and its culture means the possession of a talent as generous as it is beautiful. To possess it is to drive out the shadow of envy, and to give swift hospitality to truth and beauty. We reveal our own natures by our attitude towards superiority in others.—H. W. Mabie, 'Works and Days.'

A Christian who is strong in his faith would naturally be courageous in his confession of Christ. Am I? Am I ready and willing to tell others about the musician who taught me how to play, the artist who taught me how to draw, but unwilling to acknowledge the Christ who taught me how to live?

If you and I have not seen God, we can not bear witness to God.—Lyman Abbott.

Men are not saved by the sacrifices they make, but by accepting the Sacrifice God makes for them.—C. M. Lamson.

FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'In the mountain regions, the washing of the hillsides by the heavy winter rains destroys, each year, a large portion of the best-laid roads. In the desert region the shifting sands, and in the more fertile regions the abundant growth of weeds and shrubbery, make Eastern roads well-nigh impassable, unless care is exercised for their frequent or special clearing. In many parts of the East the ancient roads were prepared or repaired only at the special call of the king, for his special service on an exceptional occasion.'—H. C. Trumbull, D.D.

'What is all this for?' 'Who is coming?' would be the question on every lip.

The preparation of the way was of itself the announcement of the coming of the king.

'During my stay in Cairo, one of the commonest sights was a carriage of a pasha preceded through the crowded streets by one or more forerunners, calling aloud for the clearing of the way. And when our little party rode out along the banks of the Nile, a handsome young 'Sais' (forerunner) bedecked with scarlet and blue and green and gold, ran before us at top speed calling for a clear path for us among the loaded camels, and the ambling donkeys, and the toiling foot-passers.'

The gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was the first great and most manifest expression of this power which Christ gave and which has been with the church in various degrees down all the Christian ages.

The effect of this gift of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles was a wonderful change in them. It was almost a transfiguration experience. So the dead wire is thrilled with electricity, and bursts out into light and power. They were common men no longer. As Mosheim says, 'Their ignorance was turned into light, their doubts into certainty, their fears into a firm and invincible fortitude, and their former backwardness into an ardent and inextinguishable zeal.'

The fruits of the Spirit, shown in individual Christians and in the development of the nations which accept Christ, in the wonderful progress of missions, are a voice from heaven sounding through the ages.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Isa. liii., 5-7; Mal. iii., 1; iv., 5; Deut. xviii., 15; Matt. iii., 16, 17; I. John ii., 2; iii., 5; iv., 16; Luke iii., 4-6; Rev. vii., 10; I. Pet. ii., 24; Rev. v., 9; I. Cor. x., 24; John v., 33, 35, 36; Matt. xxi., 24-26.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, January 12.—Topic—The true centre of life. John xv., 1-10.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 6.—His birthday. Luke ii., 1-7.

Tuesday, January 7.—The shepherds story. Luke ii., 8-20.

Wednesday, January 8.—His dedication. Luke ii., 25-32.

Thursday, January 9.—Visit of the wise men. Matt ii., 1-11.

Friday, January 10.—How Jesus grew. Luke ii., 40.

Saturday, January 11.—His visit to Jerusalem. Luke ii., 41-44.

Sunday, January 12.—Topic—The boy Jesus in His Father's house. Luke ii., 45-50.

Cause of Failure Among Sunday School Teachers.

It Takes You too Long to Get to Work.—Immense concerns hang upon that thirty or forty minutes. It is business for eternity, remember. It may be your last chance for souls. You can't spare time to wake up and yawn.

If your lesson is—well, say about Philip and the eunuch, you haven't time to try to find out how fast Philip ran, or whether the eunuch wore eyeglasses. Without preliminaries, seize some of the roots of the lesson; personal effort, e.g., searching the Scriptures, teachableness, faith, prompt obedience, adaptation of the Gospel and its ordinances to all men under all circumstances, joy of the new life, etc.

Look the matter over carefully, and you will find other causes hidden away. Drag them forth, put them under foot, keep them there, and, by the grace of God, you may be one of the most successful and happy teachers in your school.

You Are Too Easily Induced to Be Absent. the most successful and happy teachers in your place. This always works mischief against you.

If you care for the good opinion of your class—and they want to regard you as the best of teachers—don't let a little toothache keep you away from your class. Stand in your lot, if you must do it like my friend—a most successful teacher—on his crutches.—'Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.'

Our Hand In It.

And gave the loaves to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitudes (v. 19). A poor field negro with a wooden leg hobbled up to the collection table to lay his offering upon it. He took from a pocket a handful of silver, and said, 'That's for me, massa;' from another pocket, another handful,—'That's for my wife, massa;' and from still another pocket yet another handful,—'That's for my child, massa.' The pastor remonstrated with him for giving so much. 'O massa,' said he, 'God's work must be done, and I may be dead.' Ida Moulton, telling this story of sacrifice and devotion, suggests this motto for all of us: 'God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it.' Jesus honored his disciples by giving them a part in the distribution of his mercy and love to the multitude. Let us seek it as life's richest privilege, that we may have a part in feeding this hungry world the bread of life.—'S. S. Times.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Glad I am a Girl.

A clock can run, but can not walk;
My shoe has a tongue, but can not talk;
A comb has teeth, but has no mouth;
And pins have heads, but have no necks;
And needles have to hold their threads
Right in their eyes—how it must vex!

If I were a needle, comb, or shoe,

A north wind blows the smoke straight south.

Bottles have necks, but have no heads;
I never should know what to do;
My head is really in a whirl,
I'm glad I am a little girl.
—'The Christian Work and Evangelist.'

The Better Way.

(By Frances Margaret Fox, in 'The Child's Hour.'

When Aunt Helen sent Dorris out to play with the Bean children she didn't expect to see her in the house until noon. Dorris kissed her mother good-by and ran down the narrow path to the front gate to meet the little girls.

She meant to say that her name was Dorris Brown, that she came with her mother to visit Aunt Helen two days before, and that, as it had rained all the while, she hadn't been outdoors until that morning. She intended to explain that when Aunt Helen saw them coming down the road she was sure they were going to the locust grove just below the house, and that they would be glad to have another little girl to play with.

Before Dorris could reach the gate the Bean children saw her and crossed the road.

'Hullo!' ventured Dorris, opening the gate and wishing that she were barefooted, too. No answer from the little Beans.

'Good morning,' again ventured Dorris, and again the Bean children stared without saying a word. Dorris wondered which was Anna and which was Bessie.

'I—I came out to play with you,' she went on. At that Anna Bean, and Bessie Bean looked at each other and laughed. Still Dorris couldn't decide which was Bessie and which was Anna. She followed the fence on her side of the road, while the Bean children stuck to the opposite path. At last Dorris saw the strangers whisper and laugh, the two sunbonnets nodded vigorously, and away ran the Bean girls swiftly towards the grove.

Dorris could run. 'Maybe they want to play race,' she argued, 'and I can beat them.'

Next thing she knew Dorris was far ahead of the sisters, who were walking slowly, swinging their sunbonnets and—yes, making faces! Dorris turned around so quickly she saw them both with their eyes squinted shut and their tongues stuck out. One made a worse face than the other. Dorris wondered whether it was Bessie or Anna. The faces they made were so comical Dorris couldn't help laughing at first, but the next minute she felt sad.

'I don't believe they like me,' she confessed, and that made her knees feel so curiously weak she sat down to rest, pretending to pick clover blossoms.

On went the Bean girls until they reached the grove and disappeared. It seemed to Dorris that she had been sitting beside the path an hour before she began to wonder what the children were playing. Slowly she walked to the edge of the grove where she heard shouts and laughter, and soon came upon Anna Bean and Bessie Bean playing jump the rope. Dorris thought they were jumping ropes until she saw Anna and Bessie, she didn't know which, throw away the one she was using and break another from a wild grape vine.

Dorris had never tried to jump rope, and the way Anna and Bessie handled the wild grape vines seemed wonderful.

'Oh, I wish I could do that!' she whispered.

A few minutes afterward, hearing her mother calling 'Dorris, Dorris,' she ran back to the road where mother and Aunt Helen were waiting in a carriage.

'It was too bad to call you,' said Aunt Helen, 'but I had to drive to the village on an errand for your Uncle John, and we didn't like to go away without telling you. Which would you rather do, stay and play with Anna and Bessie or go with us?'

'Go with you,' was the prompt reply as Dorris scrambled into the carriage and snuggled close to her mother. In the village Dorris saw bright-colored skipping ropes in the postmaster's store.

'Do buy me one,' she begged her mother. 'I want to learn to jump the rope. The Bean girls use wild grape vines for skipping ropes

and you just ought to see them jump.'

'They are nice, bright, merry little girls,' observed Aunt Helen, 'and I am sure, Dorris, that you will find them delightful playmates.'

Dorris opened her mouth, but closed it again. Sometimes it is better to wait until you are all alone with your mother before telling your troubles. Dorris did so, and this is what her mother said under the apple trees after dinner:

'It is much better, dear, to "overcome evil with good." Never mind how the little neighbors treat you. Be kind and polite yourself. That's all you need to think about.'

Mother returned to the house while Dorris took her skipping rope and little dog Gyp to the border of the locust grove.

'Now, Gyp, I'm going to learn to jump the rope,' said she, 'so you keep out of the way like a nice little doggie, and first thing you know you'll be surprised.'

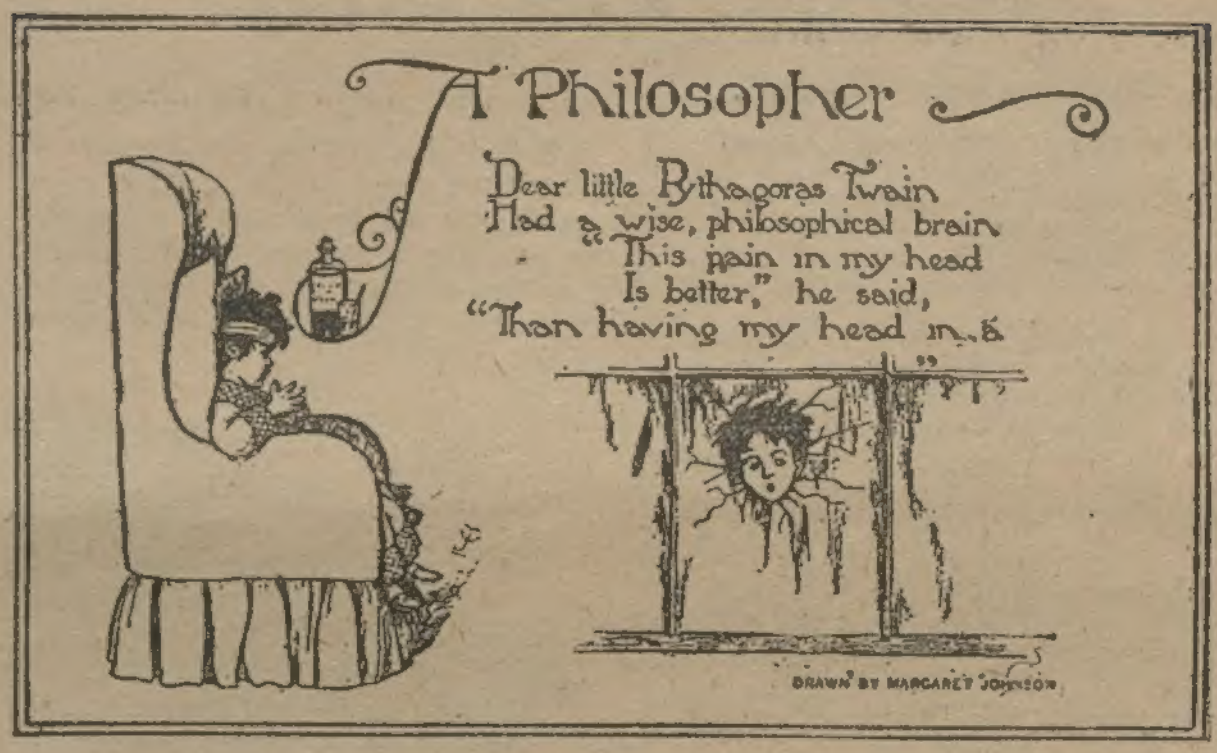
Dorris tried and tried, but she couldn't jump the rope. Gyp winked at her lazily, first with one eye, then the other, until he went sound asleep in the deep grass in front of some bushes. Unseen by Dorris, two small figures in sunbonnets came from the grove and hid behind the bushes. Soon Dorris thought she heard suppressed giggles.

'Imag—a—nation!' she said firmly and kept on trying to skip the rope. But the wind blew the rope and it blew her hat, and no matter how high she jumped from the ground with both feet she couldn't skip the rope.

'Free show,' called a mocking voice from behind the bush. 'Try it again, Long Legs! Wasn't there any more cloth in town when your mother made that dress?'

Dorris knew in a minute that the Bean girls had been watching her. An angry retort sprang to her lips, but before she had time to speak Anna and Bessie Bean came forth landing plump upon the sleeping Gyp. Maybe they weren't frightened out of their wits when Gyp began barking furiously and snapping at their bare feet.

'Oh! oh! oh!' begged Anna, 'call your dog. Make him stop!'


A Philosopher
Dear little Pythagoras Twain
Had a wise, philosophical brain.
"This pain in my head
Is better," he said,
"Than having my head in."
DRAWN BY MARGARET JOHNSON

—'Christian Age.'

Dorris knew perfectly well that Gyp wouldn't bite the girls, and it was fun to see them run with the dog at their heels. Then she thought of her mother's words, and a minute later Gyp was tugging at the skipping rope Dorris slipped through his collar.

Next morning Bessie and Anna Bean called at Aunt Helen's to invite Dorris to have a picnic dinner with them in the grove.

'I had a lovely time,' Dorris told her mother that night, 'and now I know which is Anna and which is Bessie. They took turns showing me how to jump the rope.'

Sanitary Alphabet.

As soon as you're up, shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill.
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell.
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light.
If you wish to be well, as you do I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen.
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,
Now to open your windows be ever your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept.
People should see that their floors are well swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right.
Remember the young cannot thrive without light.
Soap and rough towels are good for the skin;
Temperance suits the body within.
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue,
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

—'Australian Health Society.'

Whimpy!

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried so much one day,
His grandma couldn't stand it,
And his mother ran away;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
His father went to town,
The cook flew to the neighbor's
In her shabby kitchen-gown.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Stood out in the sun,
And cried until the chickens
And the ducks began to run;
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
Was left there, all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Never'll forget the day
When grandma couldn't stand it,
And his mother ran away.
He was waiting by the window,
When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
You never need hope to see.

—'St. Nicholas.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Regions Beyond.

The Heavenly Gardener walked abroad,
And looked at His gardens fair.
He noted the skill with which each was kept;
He smiled on the blossoms rare;
He saw that the paths were neatly swept,
And the borders tended with care.

And the workers each with the others vied
In making his plot the best;
There were numbers of workers side by side,
And they toiled with love and zest;
And they said in their hearts, with noble pride,
'We are doing our Lord's behest.'

But, lo! He looked, and far away,
Unheeded by every eye,
A plain that was barren, and drear, and grey,
Neglected, and lone, and dry;
For the busy laborers, day by day,
Had seen it—and passed it by.

Then the Heavenly Gardener turned once more
To the gardens so clean and fair:
'Oh, servants of Mine, My heart is sore;
Look out to that region bare!
Mine, too, is that harvestless, cheerless moor,
Will none of you labor there?'

Then the toilers lifted their wondering eyes
From the plots they had called their own;
They heard in their hearts the call 'Arise,
Go out to that land so lone.'
They were filled with sadness and shamed surprise—
Oh, the fields which they might have sown!
—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Appearances.

(By Pansy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'So long as I believe I am doing the right thing it makes not the least difference in the world what other people think.' I am quoting from the words of a fair young girl who spoke with emphasis, and evidently thought her words wise and worthy of approval.

On the surface they seem so. What, apparently, could be more sensible than to move quietly along in the line of one's duty, without regard to other people's opinions?

And yet, of course, such logic will not bear studying. We all know that there are times when it becomes us to watch our ways with unusual care and to avoid, for the sake of what other people will think, the very path that, under other circumstances, would be right. This thought is at least as old as the Bible, and has been so often repeated that it would seem as if we all knew it by heart; yet the people are innumerable who seem still to think as my friend does. She has a vexed question to settle. There is a girl friend whom she is anxious to help. This friend is young and pretty and thoughtless, and 'hateful' people are beginning to talk about her a good deal. They say that she talks too loud in public places, and laughs too much; that she is too familiar with men, even going so far as to speak, 'just for fun,' to some who are almost strangers. There are 'prudish' people who have stopped inviting her to their houses or allowing their daughters to visit her.

The poor child has noticed this, and is dreadfully hurt by it, but has been made, her friend thinks, far more reckless than she was before, by just this treatment. And now 'mother' has taken alarm, and wants to nip the growing intimacy between this girl and her daughter. 'And that will simply break her heart!' says the daughter. 'I have a good deal of influence over her now, and can keep her from doing lots of silly things, though she laughs at me and calls me over-particular. But I know she will get perfectly reckless if I give her up; and I don't see why it wouldn't be mean and wrong to do so. Mother doesn't say I must; but she looks worried, and tells what people say, and what they will think, and wishes I wouldn't until I'm half-distracted. It doesn't make the least difference to me what people say.'

She is wrong, dear girl; with a heart as true as steel she is letting it work havoc with her judgment. She needs to learn that in all probability the girl friend needs just such a lesson as the 'prudish' people are giving her. In other words, a girl who has not lost all sense of self-respect will herself take the alarm when she discovers that those whom she respects and likes are so grieved by her conduct that they cannot give her the place in their hearts and homes which they otherwise would. Very early in life one should learn that the place he may occupy in the respectable world depends largely upon himself. Other things being equal, we shall help and not hinder him by keeping this thought in mind.

If I am to advise the young friend who is troubled for her friend I shall say to her: Dear girl, be as frank as daylight with that one whose future troubles you. Say to her gently in some quiet hour: 'Dear heart, I love you, and want the best for you; and unless you will try honestly and earnestly to do the best for yourself, so that those looking on can respect your life, I must not hinder you and hurt myself by being your companion. Your friend I shall remain in the truest sense of that often ill-used word.'

Does that sound hard to you, sound stilted, unnatural? Of course I do not mean use just those words; put the thought into the simplest, most natural of your every-day phrases; but use the 'thought.' I am sure it will help her—and you. I know you do not like to think of yourself in this connection. You are repelled by the idea of needing to shield yourself; yet your mother is right, as mothers so often are.

Let me tell you of a letter I received recently. I have thought long about it, whether or not to tell you of it. The letter is so strange, so sad! yet it was evidently written with a purpose which in part meets your needs. It is from a young woman who plainly says that she has lost her place in the respectable world, and with the calmness of

The Dog and His Master.

Garret, in his 'Marvels and Mysteries of Instinct,' writes:—

'A singular case is given of a person who was travelling in Holland, and accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. Not taking proper heed to his steps in an evening walk along a high bank by the side of one of those canals common in the country, his foot slipped, letting him into the deep with a plunge; and, being unable to swim, the fish's element soon deprived him of his senses. In the meantime the sagacious animal had no sooner discovered the danger to which his master was exposed, than he was in the water, and engaged in a struggle to rescue him from his peril. A party at a distance saw the faithful servant at one moment pushing, and at another dragging, the body towards a small creek, when, at length, he succeeded in landing his charge and placing it as far from the water as possible. This being done, the dog first shook himself, and then licked the hands and face of his apparntly dead lord. The body being conveyed to a neighboring house, the efforts to restore the lost senses were successful.'—From 'Dogs and their Doings.' By Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A.

evident despair adds that she has no hope of ever attaining again to respectability. Yet from her low estate she wants, through our department, to warn the young, pure-hearted, thoughtless girls to 'abstain from the very appearance of evil,' no matter how good the motive.

She tells of a girl, young and lovely, who saw two girls not much older than herself looking hungrily at the flowers she wore, and in an impulse of heavenly pity for those who were not of her world took them off and gave them. The angels might have rejoiced over the tender thought that prompted the deed. She did more than that; she asked where those other girls lived, and they, prompted by one does not know what feeling, gave her the true address; and she in her ignorance and purity visited the house in a day or two, and carried flowers. She learned then what kind of a house it was, and, had she been wrinkled and bent with years, might have done with impunity what she did. She went again and again with flowers and tender words. The writer of the warning says that the girl's good name is smirched, that what she calls a 'hopeless blot' is cast upon it by those who watch her come and go, and who delight in befouling others.

There be deeds that our grandmothers or an angel from heaven might do, that girls young and pure and with angelic intent must still leave undone. That sentence, with the illustrations that have preceded it, will answer the queries of half a dozen girls who would be workers in this sin-stricken world, and find themselves more or less trammelled by what other people say.

Finding 'Girl' in the Bible.

In connection with the little story under that title published lately, a friend from Kingston writes to say that although this word does appear in the singular only once, it may also be found in the plural in Zech. viii., 5.

The Five Loopholes.

A Story of the Great Southern Storm.

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

On September 17, 1905, the boy, Alvin Forbes, waked unusually early, with a strange roaring sound in his ears, and sat up in bed. At the first glance out of his window he gave a cry of alarm—and no wonder!

For the evening before a glance out of that same window showed the white sand of the beach on the right hand, with the restless, but innocent Atlantic waves rolling up and breaking upon it in spray and foam; on the left hand, half a mile away, lay the quiet waters of the sound, over which a reliable trestle carried the trolley cars, thus keeping the cottagers on the beach in touch with the world of men and things.

But now, as Alvin Forbes sat up in bed and looked out, he found the breakers sweeping clear across the beach to the sound, and even dashing high up against the mainland, nearly two miles distant.

At that moment he heard his mother's voice, quiet, as it ever was, but with a grave note in it that gave the boy a solemn thrill.

'Get up, Son,' she said, 'and dress as quickly as possible; the trolley is still running, and I hope we may get away on the next trip; see, there it goes!'

Alvin ran to the window, which was being shaken like a watchman's rattle in the tornado of wind, and gazed across at the red car, running slowly and uncertainly on what looked like an angry sea, but what Alvin knew to be the submerged trestle.

Hardly had he turned away from the window when a sharp cry of distress from his mother brought him back; the trestle had given way, and its timbers were being tossed about like straws on the rushing waves.

'Oh, mother—the car!' cried Alvin turning white.

'It is safe, thank God!' said his mother! 'I saw it reach the mainland.'

'But what shall we do?' said Alvin, in a tone of sick despair, sinking down on his bed.

'Dress at once, my boy, and be ready to do whatever offers; we are in God's hands, don't forget that.'

'Mother,' said the boy with a hard, set look on his face, 'that doesn't comfort me a bit; weren't you just telling me the other day about the sweet singer, P. P. Bliss, being killed in a dreadful railroad accident? A man that was a saint, and spent all his time serving God. It seems to me that God doesn't pay much attention to our danger.'

'You take hold of the promises by the wrong end,' said the mother's quiet, earnest voice 'I did not say that God would keep our heads above water He has not said so, any more than he promised his dear servant, Philip Bliss, to keep his car on the track, but He does promise that if we are His children, trusting and serving Him, we will not be taken from earth one minute before the best time, or in any but the best way. Elijah was a well-beloved servant of God, but he went to heaven in a chariot of fire. Do you suppose he felt the flames? Stephen sank under the cruel stones, but looking up he saw heaven opening for him, and his Saviour ready to receive him. Put your life in the hands of your loving Father, my boy, and be at peace.'

'Mother,' said Alvin presently, 'I think I would not mind dying so much if I could take my body with me as Elijah did, but it gives me the shivers to think of having no eyes or ears, no hands or feet; I can't seem to feel that it will be I.'

'Let me tell you what our great Southern preacher, Dr. R. L. Dabney, said about that,' answered the mother, helping Alvin to put on his clothes and collect his belongings: 'Once there was a prisoner—this was Dr. Dabney's allegory—who lived in a high-walled tower for threescore years and ten. The tower had five loopholes through which the prisoner looked out upon the fair world around him. These loopholes were his greatest pleasure. Now, he knew that some day an earthquake "would come and destroy his tower. And what," said he, "will I do without my loopholes?" But one fine morning he awoke, and lo, the walls of his prison were flat with the ground! He was free to gaze upon the wide, wide world, and to go forth into it. Do you suppose he missed his loopholes?'

Alvin was so deeply interested in this story that he had for the moment forgotten their danger. 'The loopholes were our five senses?' he questioned.

'Yes, and it isn't that we are going to lose the power of seeing and hearing, but that our spirits will see and hear and enjoy without the narrow limits of the loopholes. Trust God, who made us, for that.

Alvin lifted up his head with a sense of joyous relief from a burden. 'Some fine day,' he murmured to himself.

No lives were lost at that part of the beach in the great September storm. The fury of the wind was spent by noon, and immediately the surf-boats began the work of rescuing the cottagers on the beach, and by five o'clock every soul was on the mainland; but one lad had learned a precious lesson in the storm, and as long as he remains in his prison with the loopholes he will look forward with quietness to the 'some fine day' when the walls will no longer shut him in.

The Price He Paid.

I suppose you have often heard the expression:

'I would give my eyes to have that.'

It is just a bit of slang; nobody means it; but the other day I met a boy who had really given his eyes to have something, and he told me about it himself. Would you like to hear how he did it, boys?

Well, he was rather a lonely boy. He lived up in the woods, for his father was interested in the lumber business, and spent most of the year among his men. Jack, that was the boy's name, had lost his mother when he was only ten. His father was so busy that he had no time to look after him, and Jack went pretty much his own way. He was not a bad boy or troublesome at all; but he was full of life and fun, and he wanted to do everything that the men did and be as much of a man as possible. So he learned very early to smoke tobacco. It made him feel big to go round puffing at a pipe or to carry a cigar in his mouth. He had enough spending money to get all the tobacco he wanted, and he came to want more and more, as is generally the way with young smokers. By the time he was thirteen, Jack was smoking, literally, from morning to night, and would as soon have gone without his meals as without his tobacco.

But something happened that began to trouble him a good deal; he found that he could not see as well as usual with the left eye. When he read or studied his lessons his eyes pained him a great deal. The dimness of sight got worse and worse, until at last Jack told his father about it, and the result was that he was taken down to the city to have the oculist look at his eyes. And what do you think the oculist said, after examining the left eye carefully?

'How long have you been smoking, my boy?'

Jack tried to think.

'About three years, I guess; but perhaps it's longer than that, I don't quite remember.'

The oculist shook his head.

'I thought so,' he said. 'Well, Jack, if you give up tobacco, out and out from this very minute, I may be able to save the sight of your right eye. The nerves of the left are damaged beyond repair, I am sorry to say.'

Poor Jack! He did give up tobacco, but it was too late. The right eye became dim in its turn, and though he has not entirely lost the use of it, he may be totally blind before many years have passed. What a price to pay for three years' use of tobacco? Jack feels that very strongly.

'If I had only known!' he said as he told me about it. 'But I didn't know. Nobody told me. I hate tobacco now; I hate the very smell of it. But the mischief is done and it's too late, and I am blind. If I had only known.

I wonder how many boys there are who, like Jack once, do not know what deadly harm tobacco can do a growing body. The heart, the nerves, the lungs, the eyes, are all in danger when a boy in his teens begins to smoke. Though he may not realize it, he is taking fearful risks. Is there any boy who reads this who needs Jack's little story to open his eyes? It is a sad story, and a true one, and so I write it out for other boys to think over.—'Christian Standard.'

'All the Difference.'

(Mary E. Albright, in the 'S. S. Messenger.')

'I've a good mind not to go in,' muttered Nina Bergman under her breath. 'I'm so tired—so awful tired; and oh, I do hate it so!'

Even while she spoke, Nina glanced at the clock, and pushed back her chair. Habit was strong, and there wasn't time to argue. Besides, there were mother and the children. What would become of them all if she didn't go in? The answer to that question was a blank in Nina's mind. So she snatched a last mouthful of breakfast and prepared to start on her daily journey into the city.

There was a row of old elms growing up through the uneven brick sidewalk. Nina was fond of them, scraggy as they were, and half dead. To-day, even in her hurry, she looked up at the tallest one, and admired the outline of its branches against the scrap of blue sky between the buildings.

'It must be nice to see all the trees and sky you want,' she thought wistfully. 'I suppose there are plenty of them, somewhere for everybody. The trouble is to get them!'

On a certain tower, which Nina could see from the corner where Achor Street dwindled into Miles Alley, was a clock which she called hers.

'My!' ejaculated Nina with a startled glance. 'How did it come that time of day? I must run.' And away she sped; gathering up her faded muslin skirts, and trying to adjust a cheap pink ribbon, faded also, about her neck as she ran.

'Here I am, I do believe,' she declared, five minutes later, glancing about apprehensively for Mr. Frink, the head of the department.

Frink, the 'head,' was Nina's dragon. She feared and detested him, with reason perhaps, for he had always manifested a certain antipathy to her. The poor girl was quite capable of detesting. She had learned in a hard school; and injustice, brow-beating and rough words do not often develop saints. The little bundle-girl's experience with the outside world was for the most part a bitter

one, and the bitterness had somehow tinctured her own hungry, aching heart.

Nina had barely reached her place at the bundle counter when the 'tardy' gong sounded. She drew a breath of relief, and looked about again in vain for the foreman. Mary Hines a cash-girl, stopped as she was passing.

'Old Frink's gone,' she whispered hurriedly —'transferred to the white goods. They say he doesn't like it. That's the new foreman, down there. Name's Merwin. Here he comes now.'

Mary moved on, and Nina raised her eyes timidly.

She saw a broad-shouldered, a stalwart man, with a kindly face, keen eyes, and an alert, businesslike manner. One other thing Nina noted—a deep dimple in his chin. She wondered vaguely how it happened that a 'head' should have a dimple like that. Then she dropped her eyes, quite disconcerted by a direct, observant glance from those of the foreman himself.

As the hours went on, and the scattered summer shoppers began to gather, Nina was conscious of strange sensations. Back came the thought with which she had begun the day—'I'm so awful tired.' Paler and paler she became, while her eyes grew large and pathetic.

No one noticed all this, except the broad-shouldered man who paced the aisles to and fro, intent upon his duties as overseer.

Nina realized only an utter weariness with her surroundings and an urgent longing to look again upon the elm branches against the blue sky.

'Or some water,' she thought thirstily. 'Wouldn't I like to see some real water—like that?'

'That' was the photograph of a bit of Atlantic beach, of which the only features were a tiny cabin, with one or two rocks, and the surf rolling in. Once Mr. Frink had caught her looking at the picture, between bundles, and it had made him unaccountably angry. He had said bad words under his breath, and threatened to destroy the thing if he saw it again. 'Your business is to tie up bundles, not keep an art gallery,' he had said, with some added sneer about her 'summer cottage.'

Since that time the little photograph had been hidden under the counter, and the girl had seldom disturbed it. To-day she pulled it out and looked at it with a reckless disregard of consequences. As she gazed, her head dropping listlessly on her hand, there was a slight movement near her, and she looked up, startled to encounter again the blue eyes of the new foreman.

'I like the water,' Nina apologized falteringly; 'and I wasn't busy. It kind of cools me off to look at it somehow.'

The man drew a snowy handkerchief over his own flushed face.

'I don't blame you,' he said cheerily. 'It would be good to get a whiff of salt air and a dash of spray, wouldn't it?' Then he asked abruptly, 'When do you get your vacation, my girl?'

'Vacation?' Nina looked uninterested. 'Oh, in August, I believe. Last year I took the place of one of the sales girls while she was away, Mr. Frink wanted me to, and I wanted to keep in, you know.'

'"Keep in"!' echoed the new 'head' indignantly. 'Did he pay you double salary?'

The girl looked up with a faint smile of amusement.

'Not as I remember,' she said with shy irony; 'but I didn't lose my place.

The foreman moved away at a summons from another aisle, but in a few minutes was back.

'You are going to have a vacation this year, child,' he said briefly.

'And—don't tell anybody,'—the dimple in his chin grew deeper with the smile of warm kindliness that flashed over his face,—'I know of a way to have you spend it down at the seashore—all your expenses paid, too. And your place'll be waiting for you when you come back. I don't want any such pale cheeks in my department. Hold on till next month; then we'll see!' And with another of those wonderful smiles he was off to settle some difficulty at the 'wall counter.'

Several hours following this—to Nina—astounding suggestion passed with her as a kind of dream. No thought of doubt or distrust of this new friend entered her mind. Her confused brain seemed to hold only two impressions, the contrasting images of the two men on whom her own well-being had so closely depended. In her excited fancy they seemed to stand as representatives of good and evil; and her one question, a puzzle which seemed to worry her, was, 'What is it that makes the difference?'

About three o'clock Nina sat on her stool, conning this question over mechanically. Coming down the aisle was the foreman, his hands behind him, his quick glance everywhere. Nina watched him, her heart beating with queer, slow strokes. They seemed to grow slower and slower. As he drew nearer, she could hear—hark! he was humming something. It was strangely familiar, something that seemed like a part of her own early child-life. What was it? Ah, she remembered now. Words seemed to fit themselves to the tune in her memory:

'All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!'

It was the hymn she had sometimes heard her father sing when she was a little child, long before the dreadful day when he had left them all, and gone, as people said, to heaven.

That was the last Nina heard or knew until—she opened her eyes and found them resting upon the face of the new foreman.

'Lie still, child,' he said gently. 'Don't try to move for a few minutes. There's a carriage coming to take you home. And see here,' he added, bending over her, 'that vacation we spoke of is to begin next week. I'll come and tell you about it.'

Nina understood, and smiled gratefully.

'Thank you, sir,' she said, with a confiding little hand tucked into his. 'Mother'll be so surprised and pleased! I'm glad of the vacation, but I'm more glad because I've found out what I wanted to know. I couldn't seem to make it out at first, but it's plain enough now. It's that hymn that's made all the difference.'

No one understood, but Nina had guessed the truth. It was the hymn that had made the difference; the grand old 'Coronation' hymn of the church, with all that it meant, to the new foreman, of allegiance and loyalty to Jesus Christ.

Mehitible Jane's Call.

(By L. M. Montgomery,)

Who was to be elected president of the Nappa Nu? This was the quetion which was agitating the girls of Saint Agatha's, right in the middle of the term, too. Mary Douglas had been president and she had been suddenly called home by the death of her father and was not coming back. Jennie Harris had been vice-president, and Jennie had left school owing to eye trouble. Consequently a new president had to be chosen at once and a special meeting of the Kappa Nu was summoned for the next Friday evening. Meanwhile, wires were being pulled.

The presidency of Kappa Nu was the biggest social honor in Saint Agatha's and every girl secretly aspired to it at some period of her course. Intellectual attainment in class counted for a good deal; it would never do to have a dunce at the head of Kappa Nu. Popularity counted for a good deal more; the Kappa Nu president would be shorn of half her influence if she were not liked. Besides these qualifications many others had to be taken into account—tact, originality, executive faculty, and the ability to rise to any and every occasion.

Even the teachers of Saint Agatha's felt interested in the election. They approved of Kappa Nu, realizing that it was an influence for good in the school; its ideals were fine, and the Kappa Nu girls were the best students in an all-round sense that Saint Agatha's possessed. It was known that its standard was very high, and, as its membership was limited to the third-year girls, it was a sort of goal to which all the Preps and Juniors set their faces during the first two years, striving to live up to the mark, socially and intellectually, which would be required by the Kappa Nus when they sought for admission therein.

There were three candidates for the presidency—Freda Monroe, Helen Blake, and Stephanie Bartlett. Freda was the cleverest of the three, Helen the most popular, while Stephanie was a good all-round candidate.

On the Thursday evening before the election Maud Clifton and Caroline Gray were talking together in Corridor Three and thereby creating a mild commotion in Saint Agatha's. When Maud and Caroline conferred thus, the Kappa Nus looked reverentially on from afar and the candidates held their breath. For, after all, human nature being the same inside Saint Agatha's as out, Maud Clifton and Caroline Gray virtually elected the president of Kappa Nu.

They were the leaders at Saint Agatha's as far as social power went—and it went a long way there, as elsewhere. They were the richest girls there and represented the best families. Maud was secretary of Kappa Nu, Caroline was chairman of the Membership Committee, and both possessed great influence. If they had been foolish or frivolous, it would have been so much the worse for the society. But fortunately they were serious, high-minded girls and their influence was certain to be used in the right direction.

They had only to indicate the candidate they preferred and the Kappa Nus would vote for her unanimously. If they came out for different candidates the contest would be an exciting one. But hitherto not a word had been said by either to denote or hint a preference, in spite of much skilful pumping. Consequently when, at this late date, Maud and Caroline were observed to hold serious conference the suspense was dramatic.

Maud and Caroline really were talking about the candidates this time. They understood their responsibility and they honestly wanted to choose a girl who would make the best president of Kappa Nu, irrespective of any personal bias.

'There is no doubt,' Caroline was saying, 'that Freda Monroe is the cleverest. She leads in all her classes, and she is original and resourceful.' Maud shook her head.

'I don't think Freda would do at all. She is all you say; but she is utterly tactless and consequently not very popular. She has her adherents, of course, but the rest of the girls dislike her. Besides, she is too domineering and masterful; she just antagonizes people. No, Freda will not do. What about Helen Blake? She is clever enough and very popular with everyone. In fact, she has all Freda's good points with none of her drawbacks.'

Caroline shrugged her shoulders.

'Ye-e-s,' she said, doubtfully, 'that is true. And I like Helen—like her so much that I hate to pick flaws in her. If it were a mere matter of personal preference, I should vote for Helen, but it is Kappa Nu we have to consider. Has it ever struck you, Maud, that Helen Blake is—well, just a little snobbish?'

Maud considered.

'Perhaps it has—just a little. But so little that it really wouldn't influence me against her if it wasn't that I'm afraid it might manifest itself more strikingly should occasion call it forth. Yes, she is a little snobbish. She doesn't like to mix with the shabby girls or those of poorer families. Her native tact and kindness prevent her from showing this so offensively as to hurt their feelings, but it is there and I have noticed it more than once. Besides, she talks rather much about her people, their good qualities and attainments. It is love that makes her do it—not pride or vanity, I admit that—but even love can be snobbish. Yes, you are right, Caroline. I don't think Helen would do for president. Snobbishness would be worse than downright unpopularity. Well, I shall vote for Stephanie Bartlett. There's really nothing to be said against her, she averages up so well. And yet there is no doubt that Helen would make an ideal president for Kappa Nu if only——'

'Yes—if only,' agreed Caroline.

And the Kappa Nu presidency was virtually decided—or so at least Maud and Caroline thought as they separated.

'Visitors' afternoon' came the next day. Girls whose homes were in or near the town had many callers. Girls whose homes were far away had few or none at all. Among the latter was Helen Blake. She was sitting alone in her room, trying to study, but in reality thinking about the Kappa Nu presidency and the election which was to come off

that night. Helen hoped very much that she would be the successful candidate. What an honor it would be to tell the dear ones at home! And she believed that she could do so much for Kappa Nu—dear Kappa Nu! Plans for its development simmered pleasantly in her brain. She knew that there was a large party in her favor and those who might oppose her election would only do so out of love of Freda or Stephanie. If she were elected, the defeated candidates and their adherents would serve under her loyally.

At this point in her musings a maid appeared.

'A caller for you, Miss Blake,' she said. Helen thought there was a faint glimmer of amusement on her face. 'She is in the reception room. She did not send up her card—said to tell you Mehitible Jane wanted to see you and you would know who it was.'

The maid was gone and Helen stood in the middle of her room, turning from red to white and from white back to red again. Mehitible Jane!

'I can't go down—I won't,' said Helen, passionately to herself. 'Before all the girls and their friends! I can't. What possessed Mehitible Jane to come here. I'll send her down word I can't see anyone to-day—I'm too busy. It is true though. There are all those extra problems to be worked out and they've got to be done some time to-day.'

But Helen felt a prick of shame at her decision; and she did not at once carry it out. Instead she sat down on her rocker and thought hard and unpleasantly.

Mehitible Jane was an old family servant and nurse. She had been in the Blake household since long before Helen was born, and they were all warmly attached to her. Mehitible Jane considered herself one of the family, and petted, scolded, and 'did for' the children as if they were her own. Helen was her favorite, and the girl loved her old nurse fondly. She knew that if she did not go down, Mehitible Jane would see through her excuse and be deeply hurt. But go down she could not. Mehitible Jane was a big, red-faced, raw-boned person. She talked excruciating grammar in a loud, cheerful voice. She dressed like a left-over from Noah's ark. What would the girls think of her? What would Maud and Caroline think of her? Surely they would be shocked at the idea of making an intimate friend of an old, illiterate servant. They would not show it, of course; they were too well bred for that. But there were some girls who were not—girls who would smile and laugh among themselves and whisper significantly that Helen Blake's family couldn't amount to much after all. No, she could not go down. Mehitible Jane should have known better than to come to Saint Agatha's to see her. Helen rose determinedly to summon the maid and send down her excuses.

And then, as in a flash of revelation, Helen caught a glimpse of herself. She turned red again with shame. What she was going to do was snobbish—yes, the very worst kind of snobbishness. How ashamed father and mother would be of her if they knew! How ashamed she would be of herself! She remembered how kind Mehitible Jane had always been to her—how she had sat up with her night after night when she had scarlet fever, and how the doctor had said it was nothing but Mehitible Jane's remaining that had saved her life.

'Am I going to reward her for her years of service and devotion, such as money could never buy, by snubbing her? No, I'm not. I'm going right down to see her. I'm not going to be ashamed of her, because I can't be ashamed of her without being ashamed of myself. I don't care what the girls will think or say. I owe as much to Mehitible Jane as I owe to my mother. Down you go, Helen Blake, and what is more, down you go whole-heartedly. You're to receive Mehitible Jane as if she were the first lady in the land. There is to be no compromise.'

Helen whisked down to the reception room. A glance showed her that it was crowded with visitors. Maud Clifton sat in a window recess, talking to her aunt, the wife of a Governor, a tall, distinguished-looking woman, with magnificent furs. Caroline Gray was chatting merrily to her mother, likewise an imposing grande dame.

And, sitting stiffly and rigidly in one corner, Helen saw a familiar figure—a tall old woman with a rusty hat atop of prim iron-gray hair. The hat was trimmed with a wreath of faded purple roses and all the rest of Mehitible's Jane's attire matched the hat. Mehitible Jane looked tired and weary; and she was feeling very uncomfortable. It had just dawned upon her that perhaps she had done wrong in coming to Saint Agatha's—perhaps Helen might not like it.

Helen had come down to the reception room grimly determined to do her duty. But at the first sight of the kind, patient, weary old face duty simply disappeared beneath an inrush of real pleasure and affection. Helen loved Mehitible Jane and she didn't care who knew it! She had meant to give her old nurse a cordial handshake. What she did was to throw her arms about her neck and kiss her. In that moment Helen's little snobbishness was washed out of her nature.

'I'm so glad to see you,' she said; and she meant it. 'But I'm so surprised, too. When did you come up? And how are they all at home?'

'They're all well, dearie,' said Mehitible Jane, beamingly, her doubts dispelled by Helen's sunny welcome. 'I had to come to town on some errands, and I thought I'd jest drop in and see you. You're looking real well, dearie.'

Helen laughed and pulled an ottoman close up to Mehitible Jane. She knew that everybody in the room was looking at them, for the hum of conversation had stopped, but she did not mind after all. Nothing mattered, except that she really loved Mehitible Jane better than anybody in Saint Agatha's put together and cared more for her good opinion.

'Won't you come up to my room and take off your hat? You must be very tired. And I'll make you a cup of cocoa.'

Mehitible Jane shook her head.

'I guess I haven't time. The train leaves purty soon. I jist wanted to have a peek at you. That's all.'

They talked happily for a little while of the folks and pets and things at home. Mehitible Jane's voice was rather loud and her grammar hadn't improved any, and now and then Helen heard a giggle behind her. But she knew that the girls whose friendship was best worth caring for were not the gigglers.

That night Caroline Gray went to Maud Clifton's room before the Kappa Nu election.

'I think I was mistaken in my estimate of Helen Blake,' she said. 'She can't be snobbish after all. Did you notice her manner to that queer old woman who came to see her to-day?'

'I did,' said Maud, promptly. 'She was glad to see her—honestly glad—and she showed it with perfect good breeding. I think she will be the right president for Kappa Nu, Carol.'

'So do I,' agreed Caroline.

An hour later Helen Blake was elected president of Kappa Nu.

A True Story About Quails.

One evening the children—Rovenue and her little guest, Walter—were playing croquet, when all at once Rovenue called out, 'O-o-n, L-o-o-k here!'

Walter ran, and then there were more 'O's,' and he said, 'Let's show mamma.'

Rovenue tenderly lifted the object, and ran, screaming: 'Mamma, mamma, auntie, look! here's the tiniest little chicky you ever say!'

'Why, it is a young quail! Where did you get it?'

Rovenue told her on the croquet ground, and the ball almost ran over it, and talked so fast that Walter could not get in a word so he just jumped up and down while she was telling it; but at last he managed to gasp, 'It's about as big as a number sixty spool of thread.'

Auntie coddled it to her face, saying: 'Poor little thing. Where can its mother be? It must be lost. What shall we do with it?'

'Keep it; keep it!'

So they got a little box, and made a cozy nest, and tried to feed it; but it only cried all the time. The children were so distressed at its piteous peeping, and did all to comfort it, but in vain. So auntie and mamma said: 'Let us take it out to the old orchard, where the grass is tall, and maybe we can find the mother bird and the rest of the brood.'

So they went through the new orchard, climbed the high rail fence, then looked all about and listened. They could hear many young quails peeping in all directions, and as they walked a few steps farther there came another tiny quail running right to Rovenue. She took it up, amid screams and shouts, and petted and loved it.

While they could hear others, they could not find them, although they hunted a long time, and auntie said: 'Something has happened to the mother. Poor little things, they will starve.' And they went back to the house very sorrowful.

After a while, Rovenue said: 'O, let's take them over to show Eva. She's got a pet lamb; but we will have pet quails.'

Mamma and auntie said they might go; so they ran, talking and laughing gleefully. They had much to tell Eva, who was quite astonished.

After they had looked at the quails and told it over and over how they got them, Eva said: 'Lets take them out to Chum, and see what she will do.'

Chum was a bantam hen with a brood of six young chickens, snugly housed for the night. They set the little quails before her. She stretched her neck, and looked a moment, then deliberately reached out her bill and tucked each one under her, all the time clucking in a motherly way. How the children did scream with laughter!

The little birds at once ceased their crying, and seemed perfectly contented. So the children concluded to leave them with Chum; but they were to be Rovenee's and Walter's when they were 'raised.'

Next morning Chum was as attentive to the little strangers as though they were her own, and after a while proudly conducted her family out to the fields; but when she came home that evening the little quails were missing.—'Pets and Animals.'

What We May Do.

'Our hands may be small,
And our words may be weak;
We cannot teach others; how then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

'We'll work by our prayers,
By the offerings we bring,
By small self-denials. The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.'

—Selected.

If.

If you want to be interesting don't talk much about yourself.

If we had more good hearers we would have more good sermons.

If you are in the wrong place your right place is empty.

If you want to be strong in trial don't forget to pray when you are prosperous.

If there is some man you hate begin to pray for him, and you will get ashamed of yourself and try to help him.

If you can't be rich you can become better off by being contented.

If you want to be a thinker ask yourself a good many questions.

If you can't do the work you like to do try to like the work you have to do.

If you are a Christian the devil will never get in front of you unless you turn around.

If the earth were covered with flowers all the year round the bees would get lazy.—'Christian Missionary Alliance.'

Sure Cure for Fits.

For a Fit of Passion: Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness: Count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to work like a beaver.

For a Fit of Despondency: Look on the good things God has given you in this world and to those he has promised you in the next.

He who goes to his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one in his hand.—'S. S. Messenger.'

For the Light Bearers.

We plead for the little children
  Who have opened their baby eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness,
  Where the shadow of death yet lies.

But not to be nurtured for heaven,
  Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided,
  Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! it is idol worship
  Their stammering lips are taught;
To cruel, false gods only
  Are their gifts and offerings brought.

And what can we children offer,
  Who dwell in this Christian land?
Is their no work for the Master
  In reach of each little hand?

Response.

Oh, surely a hundred tapers,
  Which even small fingers can clasp,
May lighten as much of the darkness
  As a lamp in a stronger grasp!

And then, as the line grows longer,
  So many tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining
  Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,
  And e'en infant lips can pray;
Employ, then, the little fingers—
  Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled
  And darkness the sooner shall flee;
Many 'little ones' learn of the Saviour,
  Both here and far over the sea.
—Selected.

The Morning Glory Party.

(By Irma B. Matthews, in the 'S. S. Messenger.')

It has been a long time since Edna held her Rose party. The rose jar is now a fragrant mass, and the garden roses are all gone. Edna has neglected the flowers of late, there has been so much to do and see. There were the loads of fragrant hay that were drawn to the barn and Edna was anxious to ride on every one. It was a pleasure the little city girl had never dreamed of before. Then there was the harvesting of the grain and the threshing of so many new things that the days were not half long enough for it all.

And Edna herself was as rosy and brown as a little gipsy maid, as her Uncle Charlie laughingly called her.

To-day, however, she is restless, and no wonder, for papa and mamma are coming and Uncle Charlie has gone for them while Aunt Belle and Edna stay to welcome them when they come.

Her aunt takes notice of the restless little figure and decides that something must be done to amuse her. She remembers the flower parties and says:—

'Edna, perhaps we had better have a flower party to-day and it will be our last one you know. We can hold it right here on the porch so we will get the first glimpse of the carriage when it turns in the lane, and the company are already here, see,' and she pointed to the Morning glories that shaded the porch.

'That will be nice, auntie, and the glories are fresh and pretty now.'

'They will soon be gone, for the sun is beginning to shine on them and they cannot long survive his burning kisses. They really die when his breath touches them, for they are ephemeral.'

'What does ephemeral mean, auntie?'

'It means that the flowers live but a single day. They open after midnight and usually close before noon, never to open again. This is different from the sleeping flowers that close at night to open again in the morning for several days.'

'Like the Dandelion?'

'Yes,' that sleeps, but this one dies.'

'But, auntie, I thought death was just a sleep.'

'And so it is, dear. This flower that blooms but a single day, will awake in the Spring again, through the seeds she scatters just as surely as the flower that blooms for weeks.'

'I am so glad, tell me some more about it, please.'

'The real name is Convolvulus, and it first grew in tropical America. A cousin that you admire is the sweet potato. There is one peculiar thing about this plant, it is weak and cannot stand erect, so it helps itself by

climbing. But, you will notice that it always climbs against the sun.'

'Why, auntie, how can it? Flowers cannot think can they?'

'That is a question, Edna, that many an older person has tried in vain to answer. We only know that it is so. I have tried twining the Morning Glory the wrong way, only to find the next day that it had untwined and then twined again the other way.'

'All of these go one way just as you said, Aunt Belle,' said Edna, who had been very busy examining the vines while her aunt talked.

'I knew you would find them so. I can almost imagine the flowers must be dear little fairies, cannot you?'

'Yes,' and I should think there would be some pretty stories about them like you told me about the other flowers.'

'I have been expecting that, my dear,' laughed Aunt Bella. 'There is one story that I have read and a dear little fairy story it is, too. Shall I tell it to you?'

'Do, please,' answered Edna, 'and then perhaps the time will go faster.'—There is an old saying, Edna, that "Time and tide wait for no man," and it is just as true that they do not hurry for any one, but it will pass more pleasantly perhaps if I tell the story, and time passed pleasantly does not seem so long.'

Edna laughed and her aunt began:—

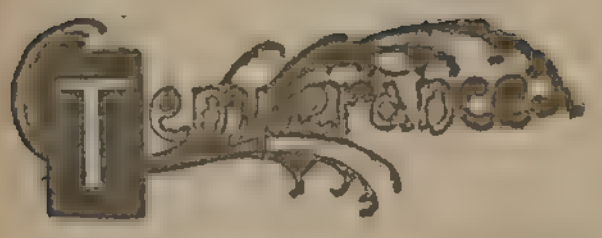
'Once upon a time, as all stories begin, there bloomed in a king's garden some frail, spirit-like flowers as white as snow. On looking up one day the little flowers saw the morning shining away above them. The morning appeared so beautiful to them that they longed to reach her, so they began to try to climb to meet her. Clinging wherever they could get a foothold they struggled upward. The morning saw their efforts and it pleased her. So she smiled upon the dainty blossoms and the whole world was brighter for her smile, then she said: "I will give you a new name and it shall be the Morning's Glory, and you shall be my own flowers and wear my colors." Whereupon she bestowed upon them her tints, pink, red, blue, purple, and all the soft colors we see in the morning sunrise. The flowers always kept the colors and were always known as Morning Glories even until now.'

'I like the story, Aunt Belle, and—'

'And there is the carriage,' said Aunt Belle, and even stories were forgotten as Edna raced down the road to be clasped in her mamma's arms.

Many times however in her city home she tells her wondering little companions of her summer in the country and the wonderful things that Aunt Belle told her at her flower parties.

How did I know about them? Perhaps I am Aunt Belle, or perhaps a little bird told me, it is a secret I shall not tell, but will leave you to guess.



Never Learn to Drink.

Never learn to drink, boys,
  Never learn to drink.
Pause upon the brink, boys,
Pause awhile and think.
Never be so rash, boys;
  Never touch a drop;
'Twill rob you of your cash, boys;
  You'll find it hard to stop.

For like an iron chain, boys,
  'Twill bind you strong and sure;
A misery and pain, boys,
  You'll never, never cure.
In poverty and rags, boys,
  You'll spend your little day,
The sport of all the wags, boys,
  That pass along the way.

Your friends will all forsake, boys,
  But still you cannot blame;
You've made yourself a rake, boys,
  And lost your own good name.
The appetite will grow, boys,
  And bring you to despair;
'Twill lead to endless woe, boys;
  Beware, then, boys, beware!

—'Temperance Leader.'

Some Thoughts and Findings on Alcohol.

Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, the eminent English physician and surgeon, has left this testimony on record. He says: 'I am recording a matter of personal history when I say that I, for one, had once no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thught it gave addihol except as a food. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart, and lifted up the mind into greater activity. I learned, step by step, that the true action of alcohol is to create paralysis of nervous power.'

A young business man of splendid capacities, whose views on the temperance question were those generally held by so-called moderate drinkers, when told by his uncle, a wine and spirit merchant, that he had planned to retire from business, and desired to make arrangements with this nephew that he might carry on this well-paying concern, decided before accepting the offer to examine some temperance literature bearing upon the alcohol question given him by a friend. At our request he tells what he thought and what he learned concerning alcohol.

I thought (and thousands are under the same impression to-day) that alcohol gave energy and strength.

I thought every robust, healthy-looking moderate drinker was a proof of the strength-giving properties of alcohol.

I thought the Bible commanded the use of alcohol when it said: 'For every creation of God is good.'

I thought the Bible commanded the use of alcoholic drinks because it spoke of wine cheering the heart of man.

I thought it was not right to abstain from alcoholic liquors simply because they were taken to excess by many persons.

I thought it was only the drunkard who should become an abstainer, if he could not drink moderately, and that he was to be despised as a most ignorant and worthless creature.

I thought the immense traffic in alcoholic liquors must be beneficial to the trade of the country.

I have learned that the secret of the delusion is in its power to paralyze. People mistake dulled perceptions and temporarily eased nerves for strength. Experience showed that athletes, explorers in cold regions or workers in the hot sun have proved the advantage of abstinence.

I have learned that, thanks to his constitution, he is healthy in spite of, and not on account of, the alcohol, and that insurance companies have proved abstainers' lives to be longer and healthier.

I have learned that our alcoholic drinks cannot be reckoned God's good creatures. The grain, grapes, etc., are good, but the drinks are man's concoctions, and he does not hesitate to destroy the nutriment in obtaining strong spirit.

I have learned that the wines of Scripture times were very different to the alcoholic liquors of to-day; distillation was unknown, and there was not the craving for drink then, nor the necessity for total abstinence.

I have learned that it is only humane that men should abstain for the sake of their tempted brethren; for the sake of trying to make this land—so blighted by drink—a little brighter.

I have learned that others should abstain that the drunkard might follow their example. I have also learned that, in these days there are men and women—educated as well as ignorant—with whom drunkenness is a disease, in many cases inherited. They cannot even sip an intoxicant without placing themselves in the most terrible peril. Entire abstinence is their only safeguard.

I have learned that an incredibly small number of hands is required for the manufacture and sale of drink as compared to that needed to produce the same amount of value in other employments; and, of course, a much larger quantity of other manufactured goods would be required if it were not for the very large expenditure on alcohol.

In face of these facts and as a result of my investigations I could not accept my uncle's offer.—'National Advocate.'

The Nurse's Story.

'Why don't you give the world the benefit of your experience with such cases, Mrs. R—?' So said my friend Dr. N—— as we talked over a sad case that had just left my doors for the asylum. 'I think your experience would be of great service to the young.'

Early last year I got a letter from a gentleman living in the North of England, asking me to take into my Home for a few weeks a young married lady, whose case was considered hopeless both by doctors and clergy. At first I felt vexed at being asked to take such a hopeless case, and said no, at once. My second thought was, if God's hand was in the case I might be of use. And it is my practice always to ask the Great Master what is best. So after that one brief glorious prayer, 'Oh send out Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me,' I felt constrained to write again to the husband, and say I would take the lady for one month and give her a chance. I shall never forget the sad day she arrived, and the wild way in which she asked for a glass of wine at once. I told the nurse to bring me a cup of hot, strong coffee for the patient, without sugar or milk, and into this I put twenty drops of sal volatile. Not a pleasant drink, you will say; true, but the very best to stop the craving for stimulants. At first the poor lady declined it, but on my assuring her I was a trained lady nurse, and would give her nothing to harm her, she drank it up. Then from her own lips I heard the sad story. And here let me say, that although despair was now written on every feature of her face, yet she must have been a bright and pretty young mother before her fall. From her own account, she had lost her last baby a year before, and being very much alone, she gave way to overmuch sorrow, and refused to listen to the kind advice of the clergyman, and repeatedly said God was a hard Master, and He had forsaken her.

One day a friend calling, advised her to get some wine unknown to her husband, and always take a glass at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., and assured her this would cheer her up and do more for her than medicine. This she did, and felt just for the time that it did rouse her, so she felt she must have more, until the two glasses of wine were many times repeated throughout the day, and the constant sipping in a few months so unhinged the brain that she lost all self-control. She gave up her prayers, neglected her children and home, and all that makes home dear to each of us. Now let me speak of the next month under my roof. For the first week I gave her strong coffee when the great craving for stimulants came on, but each time less sal volatile, until I quite gave it up for a little sugar and milk. Many were the weary battles we had for the first month, and very often I had to seek the Great Master for light and guidance, with patience almost exhausted. Yet at the end of a month I had the pleasure of seeing a slight improvement. She was more gentle, and the brain gained strength daily, and I at last thought I might venture to ask her to join us at family prayers at night; but she said no, she did not believe in God's love, He had taken her child. One night shortly after, thinking I heard her crying, I left my bed to go to her, but finding her, as I thought, sleeping, I could not resist falling on my knees by her side and asking God's help for her; she suddenly opened her eyes and said, 'Do kiss me, I know you care for my soul.' I said, 'Yes, many times will I kiss you if you will do one thing for me, and that is, think of our heavenly Father's love once more, and seek His guidance; only say that brief prayer daily, I ask no more at present.' After some time she promised to say daily, on her knees, 'Our Father in heaven, send out Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me.' From that very time she seemed to improve daily, so that at the end of three months she was indeed a new creature in every way, and I felt so grateful to God for His great mercy to her. But now comes the sad part of my story. In December she was so much better and stronger that I felt she might return to her children directly I could get her to sign the pledge. She had not touched stimulants of any sort for three months.

At Christmas her father came to see her, and was so proud of his daughter again, and her improvement in every way, he begged me to let him take her to see some old friends. Feeling sure I could trust her father's wisdom and love for a few hours, I let her go with him. Alas in a weak moment he was prevailed to go with some friends to the theatre, and take his daughter with him (he said, after he did it, kindly thinking the change would do her good), but that was not all; finding it cold on coming out, he gave her a glass of port wine. Alas! that one fatal glass, together with the excitement of the theatre, were too much for the poor brain. He brought her back to me in the old, wild state, and in less than twelve hours she was in raving delirium. All the weary work of self-denial for the poor lady undone by one glass of wine!

The doctors, when called in, decided it was a case for the asylum, now there was nothing more could be done. I shall always firmly believe, if the friends had not given the port wine, this poor lady might have returned home at the end of the sixth month to her husband, and been a happy wife and mother again. Now, I fear, the asylum may be her home for life. Let each be faithful to the pledge in God's sight; never you touch that fatal poison drink, or give it to your children. A good old German doctor once told me that he considered morning work an Englishwoman's touchstone; that if she could keep from drink then, and keep her temper, she would be sure to make a good wife and mother. But I feel sure not one of my readers would ever be tempted to break their pledge if they could have seen or heard my poor patient's ravings when taken from my house. I can never forget her last words: 'Why did they give me the devil's drink again, when I did try to do right!'—Ellen May, in the 'Temperance Chronicle.'

A Temperance Note.

Governor Mount of Indiana, among other practical suggestions concerning the training of boys, once had this to say regarding the principle of temperance: 'If greater energy were expended in teaching the principles of temperance to the youth in the schools, and in the home there would be less demand for temperance laws and fewer victims to the drink habit. The increased consumption of tobacco, and the widespread indulgence and the evil effects of cigarette smoking, are assuming alarming proportions.'

Correspondence

Z.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm not far from a creek. It runs two rods from our house and is called the Twelve Mile creek. I have fine sport fishing in summer. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a nice collie dog named Roger. I will answer Hazel Barton's second riddle; Why is B like a fire. Cause it is the beginning of Burn.

BRUCE B. WALKER.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am like many of the writers, I live on a farm. I was ten years old in October. There used to be five children in our family, but my little brother died. I have too. There are only eleven going. We had a very nice fall in Manitoba. We have had some snow.

MARY HANNA (aged 9).

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old and live on a nice farm. There is a maple grove on it. I was at my grandma's spending Thanksgiving. We have our roots in and our potatoes.

CLIFFORD A. HAINES.

A., Sask.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like the paper very much, especially the 'Correspondence Column.' I think it should be called 'Sunshine Club' instead. We live on a farm in Saskatchewan. I have two gray cats, very much alike, and

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Pet Dear.' Hugh Addison (age 10), M., Ont.
2. 'Tame Squirrel.' John Robinson (age 10), M., Ont.
3. 'My Cow, Blossom.' Thomas Rodger, W., Ont.
4. 'Our Hen.' Elsie Eccles, D., Ont.
5. 'Teapot.' Susie McMillan (age 10), D., Ont.
6. 'Duckling.' Gordon J. Hambrook (age 8), G., N.B.
7. 'Indians in a Canoe.' Harold Currie (age 10), W., Ont.
8. 'My Sleigh.' Norman Ward (age 9), H., Ont.
9. 'Christmas Chimes.' Nettie Wylie, P., Ont.
10. 'Out for a Drive.' John L. Carruthers (age 12), C., Ont.
11. 'House.' R. Osborne Tweed (age 5), V.H., Ont.
12. 'Watch.' Gertrude Sargent (age 10), W., Man.
13. 'Chickadees.' Lila Hetherington (age 9), C., N.B.
14. 'Moose Head.' Kenneth Squires (age 11), B., N.B.
15. 'Head of Fallow Deer.' James Hutchison, P.A., Sask.
16. 'Our House.' Inze McDermott, S., Ont.
17. 'A House.' Isabel Roys (age 4), M.R., Ont.
18. 'A Bird.' Dave McGregor (age 8), P., Ont.
19. 'A Little Maid.' Grace Griffith (age 11), H., Ont.
20. 'A House.' Lottie B. Gunter (age 13), C.H., Ont.
21. 'From Slumberland.' Evelyn Brown (age 14), H., Ont.
22. 'Peach.' Floyd R. Sherk (age 9), S., Ont.
23. 'Hawk.' Vera Goreham (age 8), L.W.H., N.S.
24. 'Hen.' Arthur Meldrum, O., Ont.
25. 'Slipper.' Bert Sipe (age 10), C., Alta.
26. 'Horse.' Daisy Ross., A., Ont.

two cousins who stay with us, because their mother is dead. We take a lot of papers, but I think the 'Messenger' is the best. I think I can answer Hazel Barton's first riddle (December 13). Eleven pennies. I will close with a riddle: When are little girls like windows?

GERTIE GRAHAM.

B., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper on account of its nice little stories and stories. I also see in it a lot of clever drawn little pictures. We have three little cats. They are red, white and black. I went to Indian Head this year and had an interesting time. We did not go exactly to Indian Head, but to the Experimental Farm, which is a mile from Indian Head. I was on the engine at the top of the barn, but I got very nervous when I was the one on the top of that tall building, and was glad when I placed my feet on the earth again.

EMILY R. HUNTER (aged 10).

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I often thought of writing to the 'Messenger' before, but this is my first letter. I am staying with my aunt and going to school. The teacher boards with my aunt. My cousin, the teacher, and I drive to school every morning. She has been teaching here for three weeks, and we like her very much. I like the scholars in this school very much very large. We call one 'Dick' and one 'Tom.' We have 40 scholars in the school which my brother and I attend. I am ten years old. My brother is thirteen. We had all kinds of wild flowers here in the summer, but the frost has killed them all. We have had no snow yet, but the weather is cold.

WILLIE G. MATHEWSON.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Will.—Ed.]

M.B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I go to school, but cannot write much yet, so mamma is writing for me. I take the 'Messenger' myself and like someone to read to me. My father is a farmer and we live on a farm where chestnuts grow. My mamma was a school teacher. I have no sisters or brothers, but have for pets a dog named Bruno, 14 years old, and a cat named Frisky, seven years old. I have also three ducks and two guineas.

INA L. BOWLEY.

V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a year ago, and enclosed a contribution for the cot fund, so I am writing again, and enclosing another contribution. We have been sending the 'Messenger' regularly to two little boys in India ever since you first mentioned sending them away. I am eleven years old and I am in Grade VIII. at school. I have been reading the 'Messenger' ever since I was five years old, and I had the stories read to me before that. My brother takes the 'Youth's Companion,' and I read it too. I live three-quarters of a mile from school, and I didn't miss a day of school last term; the teacher gave me a fountain pen for attendance.

ROBINA JOHNSON.

P.S.—The money enclosed for the cots is from Carl, Raymond, and Robina Johnson.

K., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I have three brothers and four sisters. Five of us go to school, and as we live two miles from the school we drive. We go to the Academy, and I am in the first grade model. The last two years I passed the two highest grades in the Elementary School, coming out first each time. I hope that I may be as successful in my grade this year.

JOHN WHEELE.

[All good wishes for your success, John, but it means more than wishing, doesn't it?—Ed.]

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. I am going to school every day, and hope to be a good scholar some time. My sisters and brothers go to school with me, and we have a nice teacher. There is a beaver dam near here, and I have seen it often. It is very interesting and is on a little brook. You can hear the roaring of water before you come to it. I never saw the beaver, but I may some time.

GORDON HAMBROOK.

St. Mary's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old and go to school every day. I am in the Third Book at school and I came first in my report last month. I read a lot of books, but I like the 'Messenger' better than any stories I have read. I have a dog called Dandy, and the other day he tore the butcher's pants.

GORDON HUNTER.

S.M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandmother in a brick house in the eastern part of the town. I have a very nice pet, a cat called Mince. The other day he caught two mice. I like the 'Messenger,' and am glad we take it. I am ten years old and go to school regularly.

R. E. MARTIN.

M. Alberta.

My youngest brother and I went to school this summer, but our school stopped the 15th of November. We are both in the fourth reader. We have a pony and we drive him in a cart to school. We call him Johnny. We have nineteen horses and some cattle, a few hens and about seventy pigs. Ma and Pa and I were away in Ontario visiting, and I had a good time seeing all my friends.

JULIA I. PENDERGAST.

OTHER LETTERS.

Murray Stalker, F., Que., is only six years old, but he writes, 'I can milk six cows.'

Helen K., Pt. C., Ont., asks what is the area in cubits of the largest bedstead in the Bible? The answer you give to Hazel Barton's riddle, Helen, has been already given.

George Currie, W., Ont., would like to visit Niagara, Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, and Ottawa.

'A Subscriber,' P., Ont., says some very nice things about the 'Messenger.' We are always glad to know how much our friends think of us, though we must not be scolding our own praises too much.

Lottie B. Gunter, L.H., Ont., has to walk with crutches we are sorry to hear. Lottie is one of the many who send the correspondence circle the season's hearty greetings.

Inze McDermott, S., Ont., is glad that 'there is plenty of sleigh riding and snowballing' now.

We also received letters from Lizzie McMillan, D., Ont.; Gertrude Jackson, O., Ont.; Annie McQueen, S., Ont.; Elsie Eccles, D., Ont.; Willie Town head, S., Ont.; and Jessie E. Squires, B., N.B. All riddles enclosed in these letters have been asked before.

HOUSEHOLD.

Open Questions.

(Mrs. Helen Campbell, in 'Union Signal.')

It was the programme committee of a prosperous woman's club in a western town, and the usual discussion as to the year's work had gone on amicably, the chairman being one whose unvarying tact and kindliness warded off any unpleasant side issues. But as the list of subjects lengthened a little anxiety was on her pleasant face.

'I want,' she said, as a pause came, 'that this year should have some little place for consideration of the financial education of girls.'

'But aren't they getting it?' replied the busiest member, pencil in hand, and a surpreed look at the chairman. 'With women working at every sort of thing I supposed they all knew everything they had to know about managing money.'

'Working women, yes; but only on one side. How many girls do you know among the daughters of our club women, for instance, who have a fixed allowance and are responsible for their own lives? I will tell you how it has come to be a real question with me,' she went on. 'Two years ago I was in a town in the interior of New York State; an old town, most beautiful in itself and its surroundings, where there had always been a good deal of money. Two men in the town were its bankers and practically had control of the business affairs of every citizen in it. One day these men disappeared, and the money of the whole town went with them. The whole community was suddenly bankrupt.

Now comes in the feature of the case that was to me the most astonishing, and yet it was a story one could tell anywhere. These investors were in large proportion women, from rich or comfortably off widows, or young heiresses, down through all orders; poorer women, shop girls, domestic servants, every one of whom had given up that money with never a thought that supervision might be in order, and not one of whom, so far as I know, knew what were the legal means of redress for the wrongs suffered. Two of these women had signed away their entire fortunes without reading the paper to which they gave their signature, and as one told me weeping said, "How could I tell? I don't understand anything about business." Every one of you here knows that this could never be true of her, just as I do for myself, thanks to a rational husband who has taught me. But my mother was as helplessly ignorant as a common-sense woman could be, and even now my husband will not take women clients if he can help it. He speaks from the standpoint of the busy lawyer, and he says that most women torment a lawyer nearly to distraction; are impatient of every delay and think, if you win a case of $5,000, say, that you have perhaps kept back fifty cents of it.

Now, women are neither more foolish nor more extravagant than men. They are simply not trained. A boy who begins life either has a salary, or, if in college and not a wage earner, a regular allowance, which must cover all his living expenses. It doesn't take him long to find out that a dollar stands for a good deal more than its face value of a hundred cents, each one of them meaning either labor that earns it, self-denial that enables him to save it, or a kind of management that makes it cover the long list of necessary things. So he learns foresight, prudence and accuracy, the proper equilibrium of income and outgo, and faces life with some sense of the situation. How many girls are prepared in the same way? They have no regular amount for personal expenses and no real sense of what things cost. It takes intellect, willpower, and the acquired habit of handling wisely, to keep expenses within a fixed limit, yet no chance is given the majority of girls until marriage and their first wrestle with affairs. Yet this majority would be very good managers, and of a far higher mental order if just such a training had been given. It is in part a stupid selfishness, a quite uncon-scious form of that vice, that parents try to spare their daughters all care or responsibility. I want a financial section, or at least a little course of talks in this direction, and I have a candidate for the work.'

'Yourself, I hope. You have a very distinct notion of what we need,' said one of the committee.

'Much better than anything I could do. One of these very women in the New York town, taught by disaster, proceeded to study law, and is giving short legal courses in a good many clubs to the immense enlightenment of the women. But I want more than that. Every high school in the land ought to have for its graduates a legal course, no matter how short and simple. There could be a primer of things that are part of the necessary business every girl faces sooner or later. But that can't come till women have a hand in the voting and bar out politicians from the school boards.'

'Or till they learn to train boys into the right order of politicians,' came from two of the committee at once, and the chairman laughed as she said:

'I second the amendment'.

From Different View Points.

'Nothing less than urgent business would tempt me to make a morning call here,' said I, as we halted before an attractive house that July day,' as Mrs. Blank is kind to all but herself, and consequently is always overworked.'

Just here the door was opened by a young lady, wearing a pale blue dimity, who received us graciously, but when her mother was asked for, she said to my friend whom she met for the first time:

'We will visit here while Mrs. L. interviews mamma,' adding, with a careless laugh, as she turned toward me,' 'You know where to find her, for you know her fondness for the kitchen, even on a hot morning like this.'

Yes, I did know where to look for the mother who never appeared rested, and an instant later I was greeted by:

'Mabel should not have sent you to this hot place. Had she told me who our caller was I would gladly have taken a much-needed rest after finishing this skirt.'

But when I told her that a stranger in our city accompanied me she made haste to say:

'I am so glad you came to me then, for I am too heated and weary to meet any but intimate friends; and now that you are here I will keep right on with my work.' Saying which, she proceeded to iron the much ruffled skirt, adding: 'I should not have undertaken so much this hot day, but Mabel has invited a school friend to spend a few weeks with her, and that will mean so much extra work that I am doing all I can in advance.'

As I proceeded to make my errand known, I took in the situation, and had I voiced my thoughts, I should have said: 'You are not doing your duty by yourself. Your robust daughter is far better able to iron her elaborate clothes than you are;' but perhaps she read what was unvoiced, for as she shook out the mate to the dimity I had seen a few moments before, she sighed, as if she realized that she was unequal to what she had undertaken, and then said:

'You don't know how a mother feels. Time will bring my child trouble enough, so I want her home life as happy and care-free as possible.'

'What a charming young lady!' exclaimed my friend, a moment later, as the daughter bowed us graciously out, 'I don't know when I have seen a sweeter face. Besides, her hands and arms would make an artist rave.'

But I was not in a mood to hear the girl who thought only of her beauty, and how to preserve and enhance it, thus praised; so I only made some evasive comment, which provoked my companion into saying:

'I supposed you had an eye for the beautiful, and yet you seem blind in this instance.'

'It is because I regard her from a different viewpoint,' was my hesitating rejoinder. 'True, Mabel has a beautiful face, but when I contrast it with that of her care-worn mother, it suffers in consequence.'

And then I pictured the mother bending over her daughter's finery, into which she had previously stitched hours of much-needed rest, and added:

'Mabel's hands may look faultless to a stranger, but when I think that they are kept soft and white at the expense of mother's toil-worn hands, I fail to see their beauty.'

But is the mother not the 'one at fault?' was the natural query.

'I admit that she is, like many another, she is blinded to the great mistake she is making that her child will be stronger to face life's battles if she be shielded from all care while in the home-nest. But the daughter is woefully blind, too, else she would see that her mother is prematurely aging in order that she may lead a butterfly life. Mabel looked beautiful from one viewpoint, as we found her, but she would have looked far more attractive to me had she worn a plain print, instead of that lace-trimmed dress, and been willing to give her poor mother a breathing spell. But in spite of all that has been written and said upon the subject, unselfish mothers are raising selfish daughters, just as they did in the long ago.'

Here my companion laughingly said:

'Your last remark reminds me how, during the Civil War, as I was passing the home of another spoiled beauty, I heard a piano and "Who'll Care for Mother Now," and as the words of the then much-sung song feelingly fell from unseen lips, my maiden aunt, who walked beside me, said, in a way peculiar to herself, "I think she'd better stop singing and go out on to that back stoop and show care for her own mother by finishing that washing."'

'Yes, it has ever been thus,' was my laughing rejoinder, 'and so long as time lasts, doubtless, some daughters will sing while love-binded mothers drudge. But, be that as it may, do not expect me to count as beautiful, hands which are kept so because of neglect of duty.'—'American Mother.'

Selected Recipes.

Pillau of Rice and Peppers.—Cut green peppers in half lengthwise, removing the seeds. Throw the peppers into boiling water and leave them there for five minutes. Take them out and drain. Have ready to fill them boiled rice, which has had stirred into each cupful of it a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, with salt to taste. Fill each pepper shell with this, mounding it up on top. Place the peppers thus filled in a pan. This can be done on Saturday. Late Sunday afternoon set the pan, covered, in a hot oven for ten minutes, uncover, and brown lightly. This makes a delicious accompaniment to cold meat.

A Spanish Dish.—Boil ½ lb. of rice the usual way. When done, drain thoroughly, then put into a clean frying pan with 1 oz. of butter. Fry and stir until lightly browned. Add ½ lb. of tomatoes, a tablespoonful of grated cheese, and a little pepper and salt to the rice; mix, then fry ten minutes. Have ready a dry haddock boiled; remove the skin and bone; pile the rice on a dish, and arrange the pieces of haddock round it.

Simple Cheese Fondu.—One cup of soft white bread crumbs, one cup of grated cheese, two eggs, beaten together, a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, a pinch of cayenne, a pinch of soda. Melt the butter, add the milk, soda, bread crumbs and last the cheese. Season and cook five minutes, or until smooth; then put in the eggs, stir three minutes and serve on buttered toast.

Rice Crusts.—Mix a cup of boiled rice with a beaten egg and salt to taste; beat well and add a teaspoonful of flour. Butter some tin patty pans and press the mixture in as though it were pie crust; bake these till a light brown and take from the pans; fill them with any bits of creamed fish, or hard boiled eggs chopped and mixed with cream sauce, or bits of meat hashed in gravy, or any sort of creamed vegetables, or fill with scrambled eggs, or use them as you would crust shells for dessert and fill with jam or cooked fruit, with or without whipped cream on top.

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No. 5960. Girls' Guimpe Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Eight-year size requires 5¾ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1⅝ yard for the guimpe.

No. 5916. Ladies' Dressing Sacque and Slumber Shoes. Sizes 32 to 42-inch bust measure. Thirty-six inch bust requires 3⅛ yards of of 36-inch material for the sacque and ½ yard for the shoes.

No. 5885. Ladies' Over-Blouse, to be slipped on over the head. Sizes 32 to 42-inch bust. Thirty-six-inch size requires 1⅞ yard of 44-inch material.

No. 5911. Ladies' Box-Pleated Skirt. Sizes 22 to 32-inch waist. Twenty-six-inch size requires 5¼ yards of 44-inch material.

No. 5690. Misses' Coat. Sizes 15, 16 and 17 years. Sixteen-year size requires 2 yards of 44-inch material.

No. 5961. Ladies Skirt, Sizes 22 to 32-inch waist. 26-inch size requires 4⅞ yds of 44-inch material.

No. 5935. Ladies' Apron. Sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5940. Girls' Jumper Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Ten-year size requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material

No. 5746. Ladies' Jumper Dressing Sacque. Sizes 32 to 42-inch bust. Thirty-six-inch bust requires 2¾ yds of 36-inch material.

No. 5850. Ladies' Kimona. Sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5776. Ladies' Dressing Sacque. Sizes 32 to 42-inch bust. Thirty-six-inch size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material.

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No. 5764 Ladies' Wrapper Sizes 32 to 42 inch bust 36-inch bust requires 9 yds of 36 inch material

No. 5888. Ladies' Cut-away Coat. Sizes 32 to 42-inch bust. Thirty-six-inch bust requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

No. 5928. Ladies' Waists. Sizes 32 to 42-inch bust. 36-inch size requires 1¾ yds of 44-inch material.

No. 5958. Ladies' Blouse. Sizes 32 to 42-inch bust. 36-inch size requires 3¼ yds of 36-inch material.

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Copleston, Ont.

With renewal to 'Witness':

Dear Sir,—I greatly enjoy your magnificent paper and say all the good things I can about it. Wishing you success, I am yours, etc.

(REV.) J. A. SNELL.

Ottawa, Ont.

With renewal of 'Witness':—

Dear Sir,—I quite agree that readers of the 'Witness' are in a sense under obligation to help extend circulation of the paper, for it would be difficult otherwise to furnish so clean and instructive amount of reading. To my view the paper is invaluable and deserves unlimited patronage. Yours respectfully,

M. MACKINNON.

Halifax, N.S.

With renewal:—

Dear Sir,—For many years the 'Witness' has given us satisfaction and pleasure as week by week it comes into our home. I like it more and more, for it improves as it grows older. May its good work continue.

Yours truly,

R. T. BRAINE.

---

198 James street, Ottawa.

With renewal:—

Dear Sir,—I always advocate your publications, especially the 'Witness,' as I find it the best family paper in the Dominion, as it is clean and independent in its character. Yours sincerely,

D. FINDLAY.

Cupar, Sask., Nov. 8, 1907.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Que.:

Dear Sirs,—I herewith enclose one dollar for 'Weekly Witness' subscription. The 'Witness' has become my national newspaper, and the weekly perusal of your excellent editorial page gives me confidence in discussing current events. I always feel that we are on sure ground when inspired by the pages of your great weekly. And naturally it becomes to the man who knows it an indispensable necessity.

Yours very truly,

JAMES McROBBIE.

For Special Offers see page 16, also Last Page.

'WORLD WIDE'

A weekly budget of articles and cartoons, carefully selected from the world's greatest Journals and Reviews. It reflects the current thought of both hemispheres, is internationally fair, and is the busy man's magazine.

Almost better than the privileges of a great library, the selection is so good.

As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind—'World Wide' has no peer; at the price, no equal among the journals of the day. An effort is made to select articles each week so that due proportion is given to the various fields of human interest. Regular readers of 'World Wide' are kept in touch with the world's thinking.

So far as possible, the editors of 'World Wide' give both sides of all important questions. Read what some of our subscribers say:

Sir Algernon Coote, Baronet, Mountrath, Ireland, says:—I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic. I am recommending it to my friends.

Dr. S. E. Dawson, King's Printer, Ottawa, says:—'World Wide' is a relief to busy men. 'World Wide' is the only paper which I read without skipping.

The Rev. C. E. and Mrs. Dobbs, write:—To be a regular reader of 'World Wide' is to partake of the intellectual life of the present day.

President Trotter, D.D., Acadia University, says:—I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends.

'World Wide' Annual Cartoon Review is included with all yearly subscriptions. It's great!

$1.50 a year. Five cents a copy, weekly.

For Clubbing Offers with 'Messenger' see Last Page.

PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families.

given free as a return for a little pleasant work in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums— quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are those who have not before taken the paper, or who, at least, have not been on our mailing list within the last two years; in short, whose subcription means a genuine increase in our circulation.

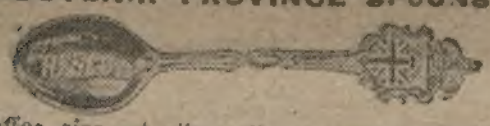
RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

SOUVENIR INDIAN SPOONS.

(This cut shows only a part of the handle, full size, but serves to give some idea of the beauty of the design.)

Full size, heavy sterling teaspoon, handle beautifully ornamented with head of Indian and paddle. Impossible to do justice in a few words to this handsome spoon—given for TEN NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each. Bowl may be engraved to order—any one name,—without extra charge.

SOUVENIR 'PROVINCE' SPOONS.



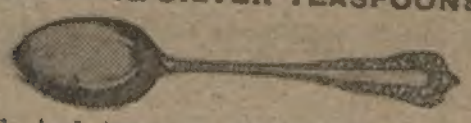
Coffee size, sterling silver, handle finished with coat of arms of the various provinces in beautifully colored hard enamel. One of these spoons with coat of arms of one's own province, and the name of one's town or Christian name engraved on the bowl would be a life long pleasure to the owner. No extra charge for engraving any one name on the bowl. Gold or silver finish as desired. One of these sterling spoons free for FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

STERLING 'KING AND QUEEN' SPOON.

Coffee size, sterling silver souvenir spoons, handle showing head of King or head of Queen as selected.

Bowl may be engraved to order—any one name—a very pretty spoon indeed. May be had in either silver or gold finish. Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

STERLING SILVER TEASPOONS.



Full sized teaspoon, sterling silver, 'Diana' pattern, a stock design that may be duplicated any time, a very beautiful spoon. One spoon free for SIX NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each. The beauty of this offer is that one can add steadily to one's stock, piece by piece, first teaspoons, then forks, etc., as may be desired, and in time secure a very handsome and very valuable set of sterling silver without a cent of cash outlay, purely by a little persistent yet pleasant work.

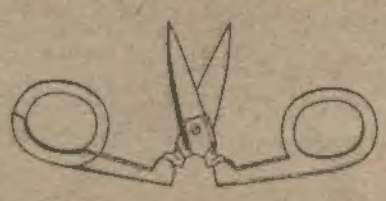
A HANDSOME SET OF TEA SPOONS

Any housekeeper would appreciate a set of six '1847 Rogers' best plated teaspoons. They will wear for a life-time.

One set of six spoons, packed in neat satin-lined box, sent free for ELEVEN NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

N.B.—Other first quality plated tableware of the same design may be added in similar way.

FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS.



Very handy for school use—or for the work bag. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

STAMP AND PAD FREE.

Any boy will be charmed with this rubber stamp, with his name and address on and self-inking pad; with care should last for years. Free for FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

GOLD NIBBED FOUNTAIN PEN.

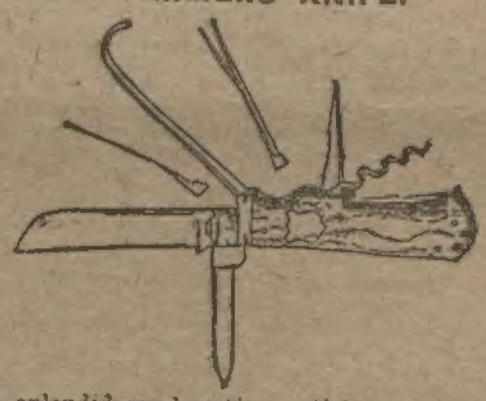
A very satisfactory fountain pen, guaranteed by the makers to be 14k. gold nib well hammered, ensuring elasticity and easy writing. Usually sold at $1.75 to $2.00. Given for only FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FARMERS' KNIFE.



A splendid combination article, strong buck-horn handle, seven useful tools in one, besides two fine blades—Sheffield make. A knife for every practical man.

Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

PRETTY GOLD LOCKET AND CHAIN

(This cut shows the locket, and a section of the chain, full size.)

One of the most admired of all our premiums. Splendid quality 14k. gold-filled, bright or dull finish; twisted rope chain and heart-shaped locket, medium size; with place for two portraits. Both locket and chain given for TWELVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

Either locket or chain alone for SIX NEW subscriptions, as above.

N.B.—For 15 cents a letter, in cash, or for four renewals at 40 cents each, we will have locket engraved with handsome monogram, two or three letters.

RED LETTER ART BIBLE.

A handsome large type illustrated Bible, leather bound, splendidly finished in every way; 35 half-tone engravings, 3 colored illustrations, 17 maps, 4,500 questions on Bible subjects besides the usual helps. Prophecies about Christ and words of Christ printed in red.

Free for only TWELVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER TEACHER'S BIBLE.

A large Bible printed in Long Primer type; index, concordance, maps, illustrations, 150 pages of valuable 'Aids to Bible Study.' This style is in very great demand for adult Bible classes, Men's Own meetings, as well as for Sunday School teachers.

Free for only EIGHT NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

SCHOLAR'S BIBLE.

A 'Minion' Bagster Bible—just the size for S. S. use. Free for THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

A USEFUL JACKNIFE.

A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

(For instructions see also next page.)

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE.

PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families.

given free as a return for a little pleasant work in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums— quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

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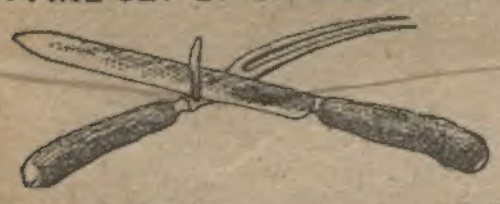
RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE.



No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; automatic spring guard, buckhorn handles. Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH PIN.

One Maple Leaf Brooch Pin in colored hard enamel, with word 'Canada' across the face, given for only ONE NEW subscriber to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, or Stick Pin, if preferred.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

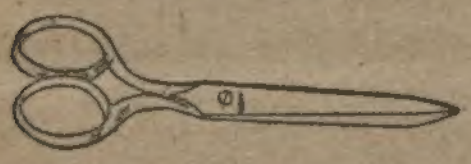
As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

FIVE INCH SCISSORS.



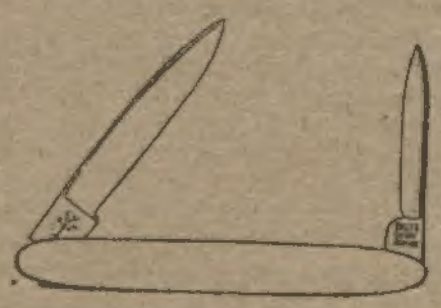
Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

A SERVICEABLE WATCH.

Ingersoll 'Yankee,' Stem wind, stem set. Guaranteed. A good practical article. Satisfies any man, delights every boy. With care lasts for years.

Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

GIRL'S PEN KNIFE.



Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pearl to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

A few sets still available of these popular views, and when they are gone we will not be able to repeat this generous offer:

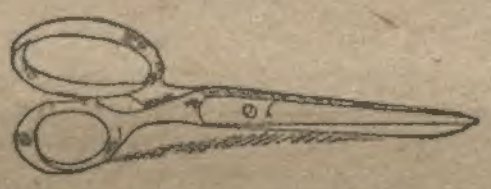
1. One set of 24 colored views (showing 'Trip Round the World') for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' one's own renewal to the same at 40 cents each.

2. One set of 50 colored views (Japanese, wide range) to any old subscriber sending in FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

PASSEPARTOUT OUTFIT FREE

All needed supplies (Dennison's best) for making this popular work—12 mats, 12 backs, 10 rolls colored binding, tags, rings, tube glue, tube paste and glasscutter, with book of directions. Free for TEN NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

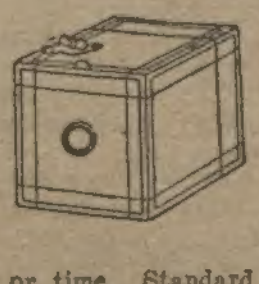
CUTTING SHEARS.



Indispensable to the home dressmaker. Eight inches long. Best tempered steel. Every pair warranted by the makers.

Free to an old subscriber sending his own renewal at 40 cents and TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

FIRST CLASS CAMERA FREE.



Snap-shot or time. Standard make. Best on the market for the money.

No. 1. Size of picture 2 1-4 x 2 1-4 in.

Free for SEVEN NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

One roll of films, 6 exposures, sent gratis with this camera.

No. 2 Size of picture, 2 1-4 x 3 1-4 in.

Free for THIRTEEN bonafide NEW subscribers to the 'Weekly Witness,' at $1.00 each. Two rolls of films (each six exposures), sent gratis with this camera.

N.B.—Where desired, ONE NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' at $1.00 may be substituted for TWO to the 'Messenger.'

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE.

Is Life Worth Living?

(Charlotte Murray, in 'Bombay Guardian.')

'Is life worth living?' you are sadly asking,
In moody, bitter, disappointed tone;
A tone which says, 'Till now I have but found it
A thing of weariness and grief alone!

'A faithless friend who disappoints its lovers,
A catalogue of ills too dark to name;
A hope existing but to be extinguished,
A dismal passage to a gloomy shame.'

'Is life worth living, then?' again you question,
With downcast eyes, and accents stern and cold;
Look up, my friend, and listen; Faith is waiting
To answer now that query worn and old,

Is life worth living? NO, if you are merely
Intent that it shall minister to you;
Intent that it shall be to you a something,
Subservient to all you plan and do.

Is life worth living? YES, a thousand times,
If self is lost in One who claims your all;
If His grand will absorbs your puny wishes,
If His great heart enwraps your being small.

If other lives for His dear sake you brighten,
If other woes you strive for Him to heal;
If mysteries too deep you leave with meekness
Until the Master shall their depths reveal.

Then life will prove a 'friend,' to crown you richly,
A 'catalogue' of blessings in disguise;
A 'hope' within a hope, expanding daily,
A sunlight 'passage' to a glorious prize!

Is Silence Golden?

Much is said in approval of the maxim, 'Silence is golden,' but we must confess that we are heartily tired of the reticent person. That silence is golden truly that keeps us from angry or otherwise wrong words; from slander, impure utterances, or from murmuring or grumbling. That speech is as truly golden that gives counsel, warning, comfort, sunshine, just as these are needed. My talkative neighbor comes in unceremoniously, tells us a bit of neighborhood or church news, gives us a glimpse of her yesterday's experience when she became worried over her work; confesses that she was not very patient, and does hope she will do better; asks our advice about her bit of embroidery, tells us how much she enjoyed the last Sabbath's services, how much she loves the dear pastor, and adds other remarks, going from one subject to another with most entertaining rapidity, yet giving each one enough time to let us see her meaning. It is quite surprising how much sunshine she lets into the house. If we were dull when she came in, we are lightsome when she departs, for has she not bidden us feel that she is in sympathy with us and with matters that deeply interest us? Is it not a comfort to know that some one else worried over their work, felt impatient, and had trials like our own? How would we have known that Mrs. ——had experiences like ours if she had not told us so? And in telling us she had helped us to bear better, to be less complaining, more cheerful; and, too, she had diverted our mind with her harmless bits of news. It adds force to this helpful little episode to know that our dear neighbor is kind-hearted—as generous with her goods as she is with her words.

Now for our reticent neighbor. She calls on us at, perhaps, regular intervals. After the usual formal greeting we ask, 'And how are you all?'

'Well, as usual.'

'Did you go out to church last Sabbath?'

'Yes.'

'I could not go. Did you have a good sermon?'

'Y-e-s.'

'I do think our pastor preaches better and better,' we say, enthusiastically.

'Do you think so?' asks Miss Reticence, showing slight surprise, but in no other way expressing her opinion. In fact, she seldom gives her opinion on any subject. She tells no item of neighborhood interest, reveals no particular sympathy with any of our remarks, tells none of her experiences, none of her feelings, and goes away leaving us with a feeling of weariness and dissatisfaction with her and ourselves, too. Selfishness often makes reticence; the person does not care to be entertaining; it pleases them better to shut up in their own mind what in some way might do good. Indolence, also, lends a hand to reticence; it requires, perhaps, an effort to be talkative, and so silence is maintained. Speech is a power given us to do good with, and the well-disposed person who has in their tongue the law of love and kindness will do more good than the silent kind of people. The reticent are very apt to grow morose. Conversation lightens, brightens, sweetens, cheers. There are sweet, quiet creatures who do much good, but these, in general, are not uncommunicative. It is their nature to be quiet and not very talkative, but they ever show a willingness to speak where they can do good.

We would in all kindness say to the reticent, try to be social, try to talk, help entertain the family of which you are a member. Speak of your feelings at times—unlock them. Show that you care for others. Give your confidence enough to near friends to let them feel that they know something about you more than they do about the passing stranger. In doing these duties a blessing will come upon you; you will be lighter of heart, more cheerful in tone, and will find the good that comes from touch with others.

At the suggestion of my oracle I add: The reticent, like others, does not stand still; his habits will grow, and he will gradually take away his powers of conversation; gradually become so shut up in himself that he cannot communicate his feelings even when he would do so. This is a most important side of the matter.

We have often, by the reticent, uncommunicative person, been reminded of a turtle who, as you approach him, shuts up his shell, and the more you try to open it the closer it closes. 'A word fitly spoken, how good it is.' Let us use speech to help others. Let us use it by principle and not by caprice. Let us try to overcome reticence that is wrong, the same as speech that is wrong.—'Intelligencer.'

Your father or mother would be glad to see the big offers we make them on page 16.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

THE BABY'S OWN SOAP

$12 WOMAN'S FALL SUITS, $6 50

Tailored to order. Also Suits to $15. Send today for free Cloth Samples and Style Book.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Ont.

ADMIRERS ALL

'REFLECTS GREAT CREDIT.'

Westwood, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

'I enclose money order, $1.25, for renewal of my subscription, postage included, for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with which I am very much pleased, and which I think reflects great credit on the publishers.

R. WALLACE.

[The extra 25c. sent for postage with this subscription was, of course, applied to a further extension of the subscription, as $1.00 a year INCLUDES POSTAGE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.]

'INVALUABLE.'

Chatham, N.B., Nov. 30, 1907.

Messrs, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Kindly renew my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' and also to the 'Canadian Pictorial'; also please renew Mrs. ——— subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' for which I enclose postal note.

Both the 'Witness' and the magazine are invaluable.

Yours truly,
(Signed), (MRS.) JOHN ELLIS.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies	$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

CLUB OFFERS.

'Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' worth $3.40; for $3.10

'Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness,' worth $1.40, for $1.20

'Messenger' and 'World Wide,' worth $1.90, for $1.75

'Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,' worth $2.90, for only $2.20

'Canadian Pictorial,' our best premium, may be added to the above clubs for only fifty cents extra.

'Messenger' and 'Pictorial,' worth $1.40, for $1.00

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUBS.

'Northern Messenger,' 'Daily Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $5.90 .. .. $3.70

'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $3.90 .. .. $2.70

N.B.—The club rates include many foreign countries, but not such countries as require extra postage (including the United States and its dependencies) nor is the city of Montreal or its suburbs included in the above club offers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'